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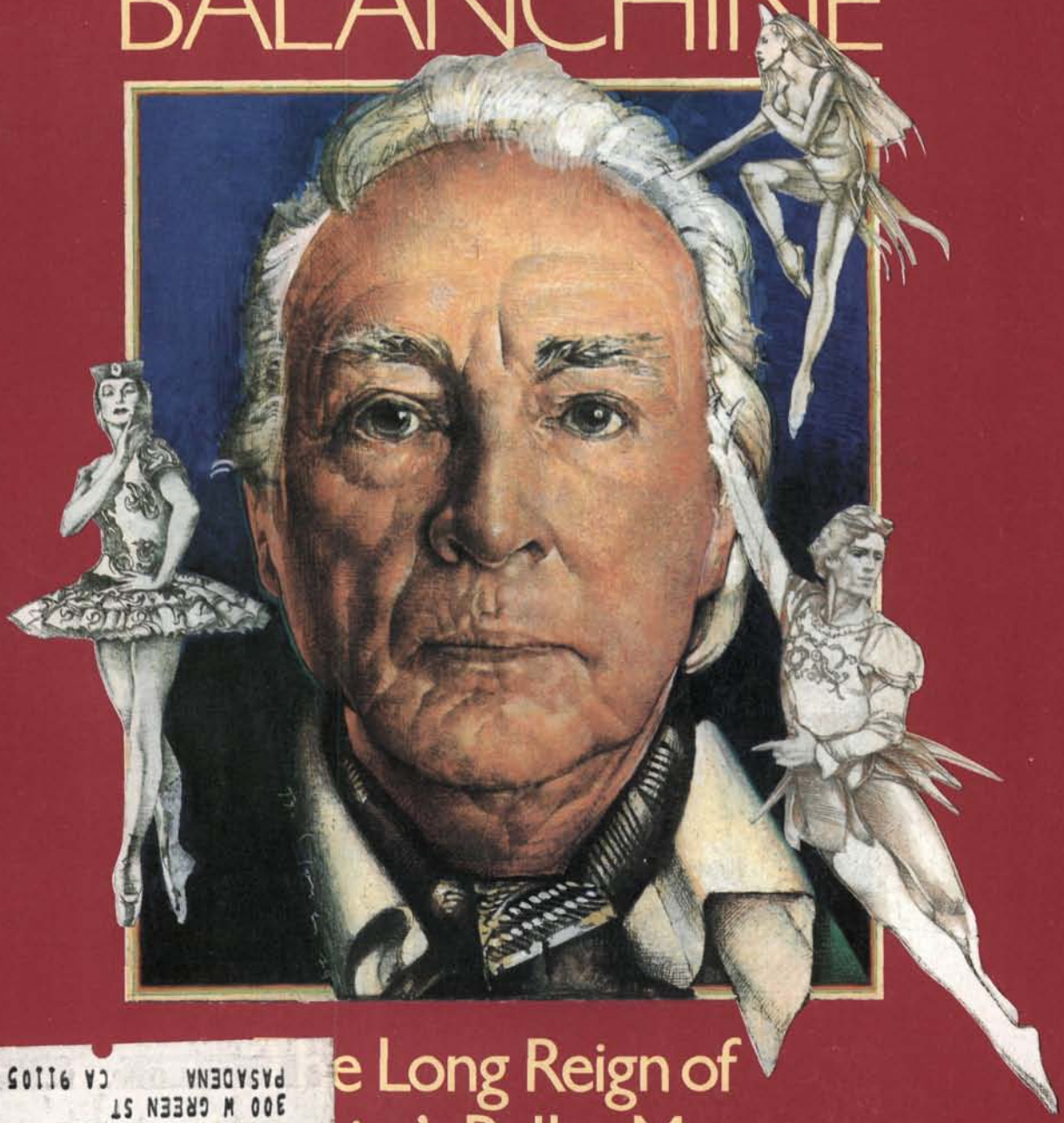

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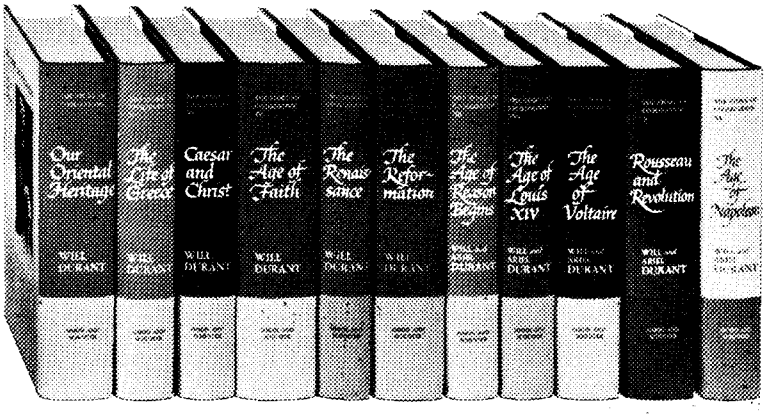

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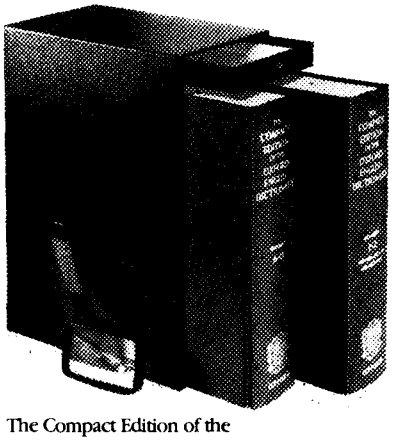

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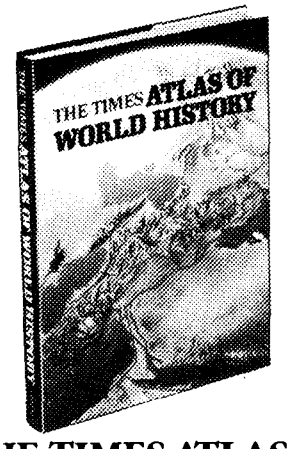

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The Dangerous Decade

"The times are hard and rough, and every man and every woman must choose their part and play it with all their might. Personal interests, party interests, class interests, sectional interests—all these will have to take second place to national interests if we are to get round the corner without disaster."

This is as true today as when Winston Churchill said it 61 years ago.

Our America of 1979 is a handcuffed giant, blessed with an abundance of potential energy resources that will take years of hard and costly effort to make usable. Meanwhile, frustrating delays in the formulation of a rational and comprehensive national energy policy have increased U.S. dependence on foreign oil, making our nation ever more hostage to foreign countries. This so outrages many Americans that they find it hard to adapt to the changed situation and look instead for someone to blame for the passing of cheap and abundant energy.

In some ways the U.S. today is about where it was after Pearl Harbor, when we had the potential to produce 50,000 war planes a year, but hardly any air force in being...when we had the potential to turn out a Liberty ship a day, but only a small merchant fleet in relation to our sudden great need. The difference is that we had then the national will and popular support to mobilize our resources to realize our potential.

We must bring that cohesion and national consensus to energy. And soon.

For America has entered its Dangerous Decade. Within the next 10 years we must make substantial progress in reducing dependence on foreign oil or face intolerably slow economic growth, higher unemployment, lower living standards, diminished freedom in our foreign policy.

What stands between the United States and increased energy security?

Mainly confusion and anger, and time-wasting efforts to fix blame in a complex situation in which no one is blameless. Government, trying to make quick fixes with allocation programs, has succeeded mainly in exacerbating the shortage. Industry, faced with continuing disruptions in its supply and distribution patterns, has made mistakes, too—not the least of which has been a failure to be clear enough with the facts so the public can recognize that the crisis is real.

What's needed, if we are to work our way through the Dangerous Decade, is to cut through the confusion and anger and make a firm start toward redirecting America's energy course. That requires the urgent adoption of a national energy policy which meets America's prime need: increasing production of domestic energy supplies.

President Carter's 1977 energy program made hardly a bow to the need for production; the stress was almost all on conservation.

In his 1979 program, the President urged decontrol of crude oil prices to provide greater incentive to search for oil and natural gas—and then promptly urged the removal of most of this new incentive through additional taxes. He coupled that with inflammatory rhetoric that buried any hope for rational legislative consideration.

Little wonder that the public does not know where to turn.

If the country is to concentrate on essentials, people must understand that the oil-exporting countries are sovereign governments fully capable of acting in what they consider their own interest, no matter how much this may upset us; that those countries apparently intend to keep worldwide supplies of oil tight enough to keep prices high for a long time to come; that there isn't much any of us can do about it in the short term.

In the long term, though, there is plenty we can do if we can just calm down. We can increase the production of conventional domestic energy—crude oil, natural gas, coal, and nuclear—to buy time to develop alternative energy sources. But we will not be able to mount the massive effort required so long as Americans are subjected to a battering of suspicions, allegations of conspiracies, and name-calling.

Let each editor, each state energy commissioner, each elected official ask himself: am I being constructive in this crisis? Let each oil company ask itself the same, and do a better job communicating the facts so public confusion will be reduced and we can focus on the task to be accomplished.

What is at risk in the Dangerous Decade could be nothing less than the survival of our form of government. We believe this form of government is preeminently worth defending—by everyone who is able to rise above emotion to comprehend the implications of the energy problem, to understand the options, and act responsibly and responsively.

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Saturday Review

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Cartoonists: Clarence Brown, Chon Day, Robert Mankoff, J.M. Mulligan, Peter Steiner

SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) published biweekly (except monthly during August and December) by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16; two years—$30; three years—$42 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 6, No. 19, September 29, 1979. Back issues $1.50 each. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

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LETTERS

Consumer Rights

I believe that *Saturday Review* readers deserve something better for their time and money than James Traub's article "The Privacy Snatchers: Are Information Gatherers Violating Your Rights?" [July 21]. It presented a one-sided picture of the operations of Equifax Services, Inc. Rather than providing any real insight into this very complex business, which has helped support our insurance and credit-oriented society for more than 75 years, it holds up isolated "horror" stories as being typical, and distorts and excludes important facts.

Traub states that Equifax keeps "millions of...files in company headquarters in Atlanta...." In fact, Equifax does not keep any files in its Atlanta headquarters but maintains copies of reports for a limited period of time, as prescribed by federal law, in its approximately 250 branch offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. These files are simply copies of reports sent to customers who have asked for information relevant to an application for credit, insurance, or employment. They are confidentially safeguarded in each branch office and are available to inquiring consumers under the Fair Credit Reporting Act. Ninety-five percent of them are destroyed after one year. Traub also states that "the compilation of ... detailed and impressionistic information in such a short span of time would seem to be an open invitation to inaccuracy. Certainly John Pontier and the 200,000 or so others who lodge complaints with Equifax annually think so."

As best we can recall from our interview with Traub, the genesis of these "complaints" was in response to his questioning the number of cases which were challenged by consumers as a part of the FCRA disclosure process. Traub was informed that while we could not precisely say, indications were that approximately one percent of all reports required some follow-up in order to be totally in compliance with the requirements of the law as well as the consumer's wishes. Some of these contacts were prompted merely by consumer curiosity; some involved discrepancies—ranging from minor mechanical errors, such as a misquote on age, to other facts which might affect the outcome of the transaction. However, many of the changes prompted by such disclosures had no effect on the final transaction.

The fact that the number of these reports would fall in the 1 percent range (1 percent of 15,000,000 is 150,000) gives some insight into Traub's motivation to amplify that figure to "200,000 or so," claiming this figure tantamount to the total number of reports containing inaccuracies.

Although Traub frets over the "inability to control information" and waxes dramatically about the threats to privacy, the simple fact of the matter is that the average consumer who is honest and law-abiding, rarely, if ever, is affected by the activities of the record keepers.

Frank W. Robinson
Vice President
Equifax Services
New York, New York

James Traub replies: Locating Equifax's consumer reporting files in Atlanta was an oversight. The 5 percent of files which are not destroyed, by the way, are the ones containing "adverse" data.

The second dispute arises from differing interpretations of the conversation I had with Hal Arnold, Equifax's public relations chief. I asked him specifically about complaints, not invocations of the FCRA. Moreover, it should be recalled that many of the people who are denied insurance or asked to pay high premiums, as a result of an Equifax report, are too baffled or resigned or ignorant to exercise their rights under the FCRA.

"Watch me turn on the old charm."

Ph.Ds in Parenting?

A conservative Thomas H. Middleton laments [Light Refractions, August] that "'Parenting' smacks of some esoteric skill you have to take courses in." Since almost everyone will become a parent, it seems reasonable to suggest that education and training in parenting might be very beneficial, not just for children who may one day be parents, but also for children who are being parented. There may not yet be a body of qualified teachers on this subject. Still, we must start somewhere, and I recommend now!

Robert M. Gordon
Irvine, California

The Galloping GNP

I was encouraged to find the views of Henderson and Marglin included in your discussion of the U.S.'s precarious position in world economics, "Embattled America: Polling the Experts" [July 7]. I share their view that a production/consumption-oriented economic growth pattern is not adequate to

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meet global concerns of diminishing natural resources, escalating pollution, and serious inequities in both food distribution and health care. In fact, there can be no serious discussion of the U.S.'s economic situation without examining the moral and ethical implications of using increased production and consumption cycles to *temporarily* rejuvenate a stagnating economy. We must recognize and evaluate the global costs that accompany our reliance on increased production and a galloping gross national product.

Jane Marks
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Civic-Minded Children

Jonathan Kozol's "Reinventing Childhood" [July 21] points up the value of taking into account the unrealized potential of children. Their initiative, energy, and creativity should not be relegated to the classroom and school yard.

The tea-baggers of Cuba bring to mind how pleasantly surprised I was on a brief stop-over in Iceland recently. In the major city of Reykjavik I observed boys and girls doing small but important jobs in the parks, along the parkways. I was told that the government has a program for children from six to 12, paying them a modest but realistic sum to assist in civic activities.

This is a far cry from what some do-gooders might see as a reversion to child labor. It offers and encourages "authentic and useful" work which identifies childhood with the best in constructive social activity.

John Mauff
Chicago, Illinois

Bucking the American Throw-Away Society

Carll Tucker's amusing and provocative article, "Wasting Away" [August], leads me to think that he does not have to remain a member of the American Throw-Away Society. If he followed these suggestions he might not need to heave out so much garbage each weekend:

Those large, almost indestructible plastic bags are a nuisance and contribute to pollution. Why not use covered galvanized cans? Paper trash, aluminum cans, and selected bottles can be recycled. Instead of lavishly using paper towels, how about a return to the dish mop, sponge, or dish cloth? The "ordinary kitchen refuse" can be used as compost for the garden or, for the city apartment dweller, can be churned up in the blender and fed to the house plants.

Elizabeth C. Nott
New Orleans, Louisiana

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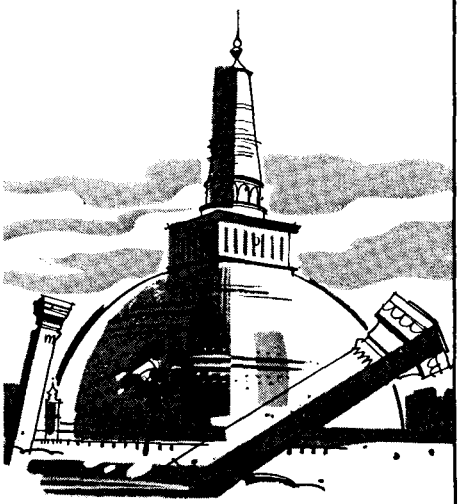

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Has America become shortsighted?

America once had a vision of its future.

And that vision led us to become the most productive nation on earth, with our citizens enjoying the highest standard of living of any nation in the world.

Today, inflation erodes our economic growth. Inadequate capital investment limits opportunity and undermines our international competitive position. Our companies are hard pressed to keep up with accelerating technological developments. Productivity has been growing much faster in other major industrial nations than it has in the United States.

Why has American economic performance slipped?

Essentially, we seem to have lost sight of what truly drives our economy and what is required to keep our products and services competitive in world markets. Worse, our vision of the future appears to have narrowed to include only that which is politically fashionable and expedient for the short-term.

It is politically fashionable, for example, to charge that company profits are too high... are a "windfall"... or are even "obscene." Yet profits constitute the key support for expanding company facilities, financing new research and development, replacing outmoded and inefficient equipment and, ultimately, ensuring greater productivity, higher wages and more jobs.

It's also politically fashionable to demand greater governmental "safeguards," i.e. regulations on the activities of companies. Yet, each year, government regulations cost our society — both companies and individuals — about $100 billion. Much of which could be used instead for new plants, for new products, for new research, for new technology and to create new jobs. All of which would make us more competitive in world markets.

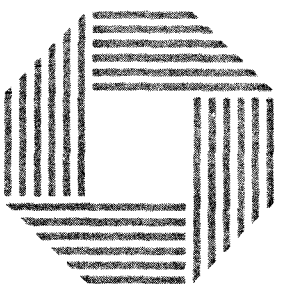
It's politically expedient for government — in the interest of "protecting the general welfare" — to spend billions of taxpayer dollars on over-regulation without fully weighing costs against benefits. Government overspending, and the resulting federal budget deficit, remains a primary cause of our nation's most serious problem, inflation.

Clearly, we must, as a nation, restore our vision and, with it, our productive capacity.

In the months ahead, we at Chase intend to speak out on the "productive capacity" question: on inflation, on profits, on government regulation, on business investment, on research and development.

Our reason for doing so is quite straightforward. If, as a nation, we are unable to revitalize our productive capacity, Chase's shareholders, customers and employees — together with millions of other Americans — will pay the price. It's a price we need not, and should not, have to pay.

So, we will speak out — as loudly and clearly as we can. We'll do it in our own self interest. And, we believe, in yours.



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FRONT RUNNERS

In Which We Denounce the Universal Product Code

That irritating fretwork of lines and spaces that Alfred E. Newman is demolishing in the illustration above, taken from *Mad* magazine's October 1979 cover, is known as the Universal Product Code. It is supposed to make it possible for retail stores to register each sale by computer. Unfortunately, very few retail stores have the computer capacity to do anything more than stare as it gets thrown into your grocery bag. They have no use for it. Neither do you. And we can't stand it, since it blemishes our covers. But there's nothing to be done about it. That's an example of progress for you.

How Much Is That Warhead in the Window?

America's ultimate nuclear bulwark, the MX, or mobile missile, has been put through some pretty heavy changes. Last report favored the "horizontal shelter" system, in which missiles are trundled along an underground railway and periodically off-shunted into "coffin-like" canisters. Previous incarnations (there have been about 20) include the "zipper trench," the "canal concept," the "pool-canal concept," and non-mass transit systems involving trucks and helicopters instead of trains.

Of course, one expects military R and D to be a little on the arcane side. Something that all of us can enjoy, however, is trying to guess how much the MX will finally cost. The Air Force has been advertising $30 billion all along, but now that they've switched systems again, they've knocked back the price tag to $28 billion. This figure includes all costs save those associated with environmental damage, buying private property (should it prove necessary), possible frills, cost-overruns, and inflation.

Considering the history of cost-overruns, Alton Frye, an analyst for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, calls the $30 billion figure "almost inconceivable," and considers $40 billion more likely. But when the office of Management and Budget calculated the expenditure not in 1980 dollars, as the Pentagon does, but in the inflated dollars that we'll be spending as we build the system over 15 years, it came up with $70 billion. One senate aide even guesses that the total might hit $100 billion. And as the Russians expand their own missile force in response, and we jazz up MX in counter-response, the final price tag could more than double.

In any case, don't send your personal estimate to Jimmy the Greek just yet, since the final tally won't be in before 1995.

Leaping Lizards and Crazy Cats

They're still waiting over at Project Earthquake Watch. What they're waiting for mostly is an earthquake whose epicenter is a bit closer to the San Francisco Bay Area than the last major one, August 6.

The scientists at Project Earthquake Watch, in Menlo Park, California, hope to test the validity of those stories about animals going bonkers and fish swimming crooked immediately before an earthquake. They already have 900 volunteers fanned out across the state whose job is to phone in the moment the critters start acting funny. Usually the project gets about two and one half calls per day. In the week before the earthquake, the largest one in California in 60 years, they received only five per day, not exactly a conclusive increase. "And we got about 15 calls right after the quake saying that they forgot to call in but the sheep weren't coming out of the pasture and so forth," says Dr. Leon Otis, project director.

In defense of the animal theory, Dr. Otis points out that volunteers were stretched pretty thin around Hollister, 70 miles southeast of San Francisco, where the earthquake was centered. Still, when asked whether he was surprised that there weren't many more reports of oddball behavior, Dr. Otis admits that he "would expect something like that" if the theory were valid.

Nobody really knows why earthquakes send the animal kingdom into such a funk, if they do, though many theories have been advanced. Dr. Otis muses that the most recent quake may have been the wrong variety for large-scale animal derangement. "An earthquake is like a woman," he rhapsodizes. "Each one has its own personality."

Submissions

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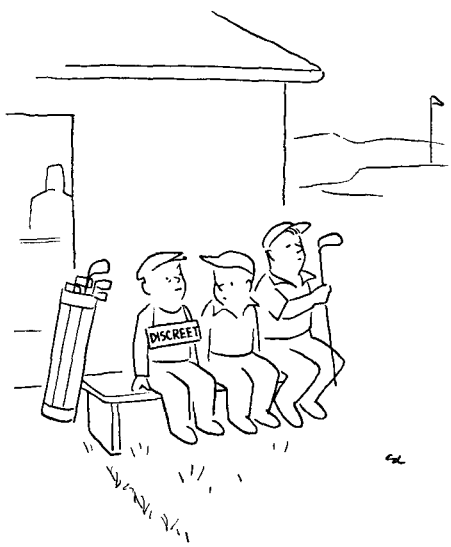
EDITORIAL

Q & A That Raises More Q's Than A's

A HIGHLY DRAMATIC statement in favor of nuclear power has been made by Edward Teller, who is generally credited with a key role in the development of thermonuclear explosives capable of devastating an entire city. The statement takes the form of a two-page newspaper advertisement in which Dr. Teller claims that he is the only victim of the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant last March. Shortly after that event, he says, he went to Washington to combat the anti-nuclear "propaganda that Ralph Nader, Jane Fonda, and their kind are spewing to the news media in their attempt to frighten people away from nuclear power." The strain of this effort was so great, he now says, that he suffered a heart attack. In this way, he became the "only victim of Three Mile Island." No one else, not even those who were exposed to radioactive emissions, he declares, suffered any harm. "Reactors are not that dangerous."

The advertisement, the cost of which was underwritten by one of the nation's largest suppliers of technology and services for oil, gas, coal, and nuclear energy, was in the form of a Q&A exchange. Edward Teller poses the questions in the advertisement and then supplies his own answers.

Taken at face value, the answers would appear to demolish the arguments against nuclear-power development. For example, Teller says nuclear power is far safer than coal or hydroelectric power. He says that the chance of injury to any person living within 50 miles of a nuclear-power plant is about the same as the chance that he will be hit by a falling meteor. He sees no problem in the disposal of nuclear wastes: "Waste disposal is a political problem, not a technical problem." He says the people around Three Mile Island were exposed to about the same quantity of radiation that they naturally receive from the potassium 40 that is inside their own bodies.



Teller goes on to say that the American people learned two things from the accident at Three Mile Island. First, that "nuclear reactors are even safer than we thought....No one was killed or even injured." Second, that "a lot can be done by better educated, better paid, and more responsible reactor operators, and by a more efficient display of the state of the reactor by modern instrument panels."

What makes Dr. Teller's statement so remarkable is that not even the federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission contends that Three Mile Island has caused no injury to human life. After calculating "person rems" (the average individual dose times the number of people exposed), the NRC estimated that at least 10 people will die of leukemia or other forms of cancer as the result of the accident at Three Mile Island.

Equally serious is the failure of Dr. Teller to distinguish between the effects caused by external exposure to radiation and those caused by the ingestion of irradiated food and by breathing in radioactive particles in the air. Such internal exposure is continuous and can be very harmful. Children are especially vulnerable because they are exceptionally sensitive to radiation.

Neither does Dr. Teller say anything about the fact that the disintegration of a single atom affects between 250,000 and 2,500,000 chemical bonds in the nuclei of irradiated human cells. Medical researchers see no evidence of complete repair of chromosomes once they are damaged by radiation.

Still another major error in Dr. Teller's statement has to do with radioactive wastes. He does a disservice to the public by making it appear that all technical problems have been solved, and that it is only the incompetence or indolence of public officials that creates a problem. The fact is that *not* all technical problems have been solved. For example, a canister has yet to be devised that will last as long as some of the radioactive poisons it is supposed to contain. Dr. Teller may contend that these dangers will not eventuate for hundreds or thousands of years. Quite true. But our responsibility to distant generations is no less great than it is to the next generation or to our own. Morality is not simply a matter of chronology.

Dr. Teller neglects to mention two pieces of information of considerable importance. The first is that he lobbied zealously for passage of the Price Anderson Act, which limits the liability of nuclear power companies for accidents resulting in injury, illness, or death to people outside a nuclear plant. If the safety factor is as high as Dr. Teller now says it is, why would such legislation be necessary?

The second item is that, little more than a decade ago, Dr. Teller recommended that nuclear-energy plants be built in deep underground installations. If the danger of a major accident, such as a meltdown, is nil, why would Teller himself think it necessary to incur the prodigious extra expense of carving out subterranean vaults for the manufacture of nuclear energy?

Even more troubling than the misleading information in the advertisement is the insinuation that it is somehow unpatriotic to raise questions about nuclear-energy plants. Teller says in the advertisement that he was once asked how he would like his grandson to think of him. "I have given a great deal of thought to whether [my grandson] will be alive in the next century, and whether he will be living in freedom or slavery. If he is living under Communism, he will know I was a failure."

It is unfortunate that Dr. Teller, in the style of the knife-throwing verbalisms of the early Fifties, should insinuate that those who disagree with him on nuclear issues are tainted by Communism. Dr. Teller is apparently not interested in an open exchange of ideas. He seems to think that anyone who differs with him is helping to expose the United States to its mortal enemies. It is distasteful and often unproductive to argue against anyone who uses patriotism as a shield, but the response must be made nonetheless.

Our purpose in this editorial is not to say that a serious case cannot be made for nuclear energy. Such a case, however, would be far more persuasive if the risks were openly and fully discussed and not minimized and ignored. —N.C.

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YOUR CAR AND TOMORROW'S FUELS

AS THE SUPPLY OF OIL DROPS, SYNTHETICS BECOME MORE ATTRACTIVE.

General Motors is not in the fuel business. But since the cars we build depend on fuel, we have to be on top of the energy situation. Here's the way it looks to us.

All the cars we build are powered by internal combustion engines. These engines work by burning petroleum-derived gasoline or diesel fuel under high pressure. So far, petroleum has been the safest, least expensive source of these hydrocarbon fuels, which pack a lot of energy per gallon. But automotive fuels can also be obtained from many other sources, ranging from oil shale to coal and even corn stalks. The problem is to turn these solid materials into safe, convenient, environmentally sound, cost-efficient liquid fuels.

At GM, we have evaluated a variety of domestic resources and alternative fuels.

Fuels made from shale oil are the best current alternatives. Shale oil is produced by heat-treating oil shale, an abundant American resource. Gasoline and diesel fuel could be refined from shale oil. What is needed, however, are the plants to convert the shale rock into the shale oil. As petroleum becomes more expensive, it will be cost-efficient to build these plants. The mining of shale, though, still presents serious environmental problems that must be solved.

Coal is the next best option. Coal can also be turned into gasoline and diesel fuel, but the process is more expensive and complex than that for oil shale. As with oil shale, coal mining also poses environmental problems.

Biomass (vegetation and organic wastes) is another possibility. The main advantage of biomass is that it is a renewable resource. However, biomass is difficult and expensive to collect and process.

The only automotive fuel currently being made that uses biomass is gasohol. Gasohol is a blend of 10% ethyl alcohol and gasoline. The use of gasohol in present-day cars can save gasoline and causes no insurmountable difficulties.

Hydrogen has often been discussed. Although engines can be run on hydrogen, its production potential appears limited, and the practical problems of safe and efficient distribution and storage haven't yet been solved.

Although electricity isn't a fuel, it can be generated from non-petroleum resources. Some electrically-powered cars are already on the road. The problem is that with current lead-acid batteries they're only capable of traveling relatively short distances between battery charges. We're continuing to do extensive research on advanced zinc-nickel oxide storage batteries.

Nothing is more important than ensuring the supply of fuels needed to keep our country strong. At GM we are confident that if government and industry cooperate and work together to explore alternative energy sources, the problem of providing sufficient fuels for the future, at the lowest possible cost, can and will be solved.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

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Grammar Don't Matter None

Half a dozen thoughtful readers have sent me copies of a newspaper clipping detailing the madcap antics of a pair of academia nuts who teach English, or so they claim. In it, Bobby Ray Miller (UPI) writes:

Sentences. Grammar. No longer practical. Old habits. Abolish them.

If two English teachers at Eastern New Mexico University get their way, American students soon will be taught to write much like that—no rules, no sentence structure.

... The apostles of this new discipline are Stanley Berne and Arlene Zekowski, associate professors of English at Eastern New Mexico University. Between them they have published 15 volumes of novels, short stories, poetry, plays, and criticism.

They want a new "grammarless language." They say the 300 or so rules governing English grammar are arbitrary and are so complicated they drive students away from literature, both reading and writing.

... In an interview in New York, the professors discussed their proposals and their latest books on the subject, Ms. Zekowski's *Image Breaking Images* and Berne's *Future Language.*

"Who needs grammar?" Berne asked. "Did God give grammar to Moses on the mountain?"

"It's the whole cancerous structure of the English language," Ms. Zekowski said.

But what about the grammarless language?

"It's already been adopted," Berne said. "We're professors of English. We are concerned with the idea of expressing feelings. Arbitrary rules of grammar prohibit that. If English teachers don't realize it and begin teaching that way, they're going to lose touch with the reality of the language. They're already in danger of losing touch."

"Arbitrary sentence structure is logical," Ms. Zekowski said. "But the brain isn't logical. You don't think in sentences. You think in terms of patterns and images. It's random association."

"Grammar," she said, "is elitism. I wish to destroy what is dead, lifeless, and snobbish."

"Grammar and spelling," Berne said, are "the property of a once privileged minority class imposing its order on a willing majority anxious to rise out of its own supposed ignorance and vulgarity.

"The arbitrary rules are the cause of the decline in interest in English," Berne said.

I thought I should get a sample of the writing of Berne and Zekowski, but, because of an elitist prejudice against supporting what I perceive to be deliberate idiocy, I didn't want to pay for their books. The Santa Monica Public Library is excellent, but its card catalogue reveals a disappointing indifference to Mr. Berne and Ms. Zekowski.

"The brain is not logical." Speak for yourself, Ms. Zekowski. Logic is an invention of the human brain. Thus some brains, thank God, are logical. Brains that have learned to think in sentences as well as in patterns and images have a decided advantage over those that have not learned to.

Call me uncharitable, but I couldn't keep my imagination from developing the scenario in which Mr. Berne and Ms. Zekowski stumbled upon the blinding revelation that God didn't give grammar to Moses.

Zekowski: The who whom thing garbage right.

Berne: Elitist garborooni.

Zekowski: Who says grammar.

Berne: God no. Moses from God no.

Zekowski: Wow.

Berne: I mean wow really.

In my imaginary scene, Berne and Zekowski understand each other perfectly, much as a mommy understands a baby who says "Wawa" when he is thirsty. But for people like you and me—even for people like you and I—there is a disturbing lack of precision or of mental development in this colloquy.

I've often wondered about all those youngsters who have been injured by courses in grammar. Who are they? I assume that they exist, but I've never met one, though I've met many youngsters who regret that no one ever taught them any rules of the language.

One thing I'm sure of is that millions of people, myself included, believe firmly—in fact, *know,* insofar as such a thing can be known—that the study of grammar has benefited them immeasurably. It has improved their ability to write clearly and gracefully and to think on levels more complex than "wawa" and "DubbleBubble." The campaign against the teaching of grammar—a campaign being waged by many more English teachers than those two in eastern New Mexico—strikes me as another instance of a widespread attitude, rooted in a mindless concept of egalitarianism, that if Johnny can't learn, it can't be Johnny's fault, and it certainly can't be that his teacher has more fun with films, TV, and cassettes than with the tough disciplines of reading and writing. The fault must lie in all that stuff the poor kid is asked to learn. It's just too hard, and we mustn't ask him to do anything he can't do painlessly.

People like Mr. Berne and Ms. Zekowski might make Johnny "feel good about himself" and give him a "positive self-image" for a while. But one day Johnny will come to a fuddled realization that there are people who know something he doesn't know and have skills he doesn't have. In his imperfectly developed brain he'll see that he can't communicate well with anyone but his fellow Hell's Angels.

By then, it will be too late.

—Thomas H. Middleton

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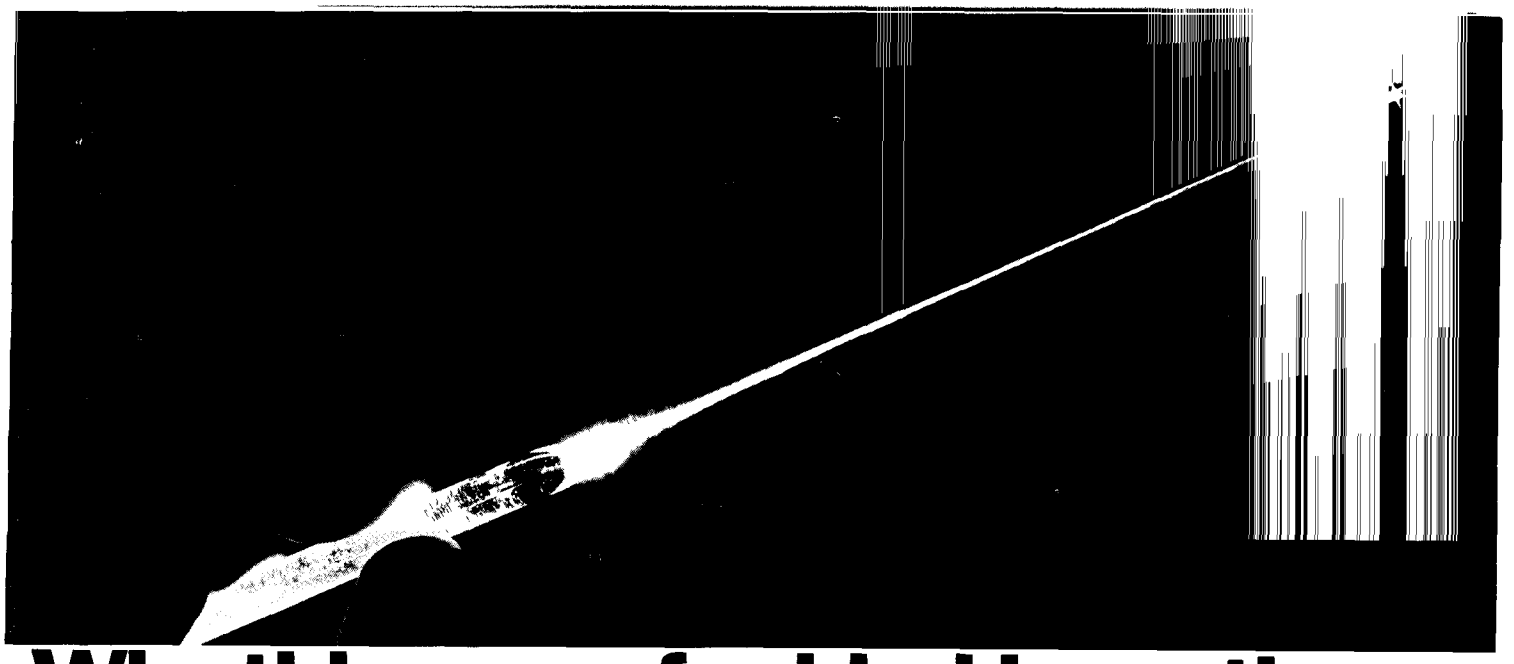


Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

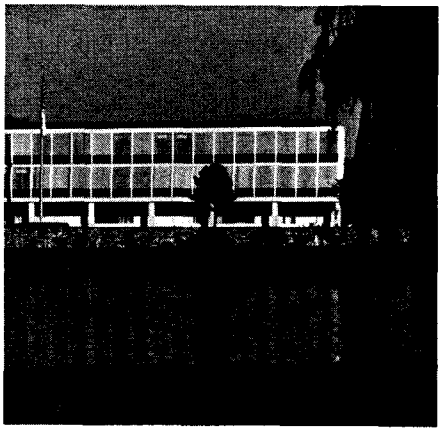
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.



For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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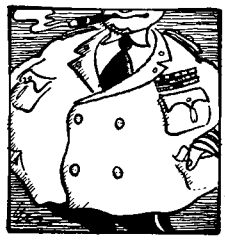
Oafs of Office

THERE ARE those who say the President's recent cabinet and staff shake-up was a mere showy sacrifice best described by a British politician's observation on a similar occasion that "greater love hath no man than to lay down his friends for his life." In fact, however, the President almost did himself some good, but stopped short of what's really needed: not merely new staff members, but a whole new roster of positions, created to help him and future presidents muddle through in bearable style. The following partial list is offered in faith that the need for new blood has been perceived, and the President will do anything to make sure it's not his. These proposed positions should go some of the way toward filling gaps that are only just being perceived.

Oaf of Office. Similar in size and appearance to the President, this man will precede the Chief through doorways, out of airplanes, into press conferences, and will handle himself so clumsily that any awkwardness on the part of the President will go unnoticed. The Oaf of Office will be well paid and will be expected to make great personal sacrifices. For instance, should the President bump his head leaving a helicopter, the Oaf of Office will distract the press by walking into the rotor blades.

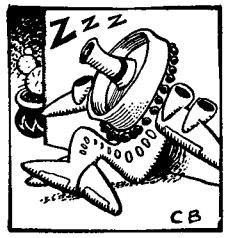
The modern equivalent of the ancient Roman slave who sat behind the emperor in parades and whispered "Caesar, too, will die," this aide will be the first functionary the President would see every morning. From him there would be nothing but the worst news, about the world, inflation, the President's wife, his slatternly daughter, the possibility of rampant Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and anything else grim that came to the Depress Secretary's unwholesome mind. His tirade would tend to make the rest of the President's day seem upbeat by comparison, thus preventing moodiness.

The Oval Officer. A rotund Coast Guard lieutenant who would be present constantly, letting the President feel trim without the time-consuming chore of jogging or the crankiness brought on by diets. Stand-ins of various girths would be kept in readiness.



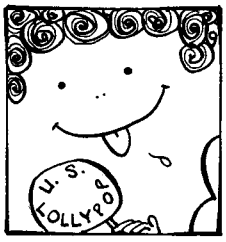
Presidential Polester. Actually a high-school pole-vaulter chosen by lottery on a monthly basis, this staffer would continuously vault in the Rose Garden within sight of the President's windows. The President would pick a "popularity level" symbolized by the distance of the cross bar from the ground. If the polester made that height in one out of three tries, the President could feel secure and well loved. If not, he could have the bar lowered or hope for a better polester on the next monthly drawing. The arrangement would be neater than examining the entrails of sheep.

Juan Peace Jane. An enlisted Hispanic, Juan (whose name might be José, Jesus, Carlos, etc.) would be on hand to talk in heavily accented English with the President during televised press conferences. This staffer would have constant access to the President, as would other enlisted minorities like Navy Jane; his special privileges would lead him to be despised by other staff members, who would call him "the President's pet wetback."



Though roughly equivalent to the present Press Secretary, this spiritually impenetrable aide will be charged with eliminating the problems of White House credibility—problems, that is, inevitably brought on when the press happens to believe what the President says. The Echo Gnomic Advisor will either answer all questions by repeating them exactly, but without the question mark at the end, or by producing undecipherable aphorisms ("Solving the energy problem is like counting a pig in a poke"). To the delight of all future presidents, the daily press briefings will cease through lack of attendance.

First Baby. Few presidents have babies, and older children tend to prove disappointing to the mass of voters, who often have disappointing older children of their own. The First Baby would be hired for looks and compatibility with the incumbent First Family and would be caused to toddle adorably into tense meetings. The First Dog would be available for additional obfuscation, and also the Presidential Seal.



Depress Secretary. Possibly working just under the Depress Secretary, this appointee would have the thankless task of taking all specific bad news to the President. The turnover rate would be high of course, but other staff members would no longer have to be afraid to let the real world filter into the Oval Office. Additionally, the Disappointment Secretary would turn down all applications to see the President.

White Hall. Applying the Bauhaus dictum that form follows function, this indefatigable interior decorator would create an impression of perpetual novelty by constantly redesigning the White House lobby.

Yuk. Not, as the name implies, a funny man, but rather the official Monday morning quarterback, charged with shouldering the White House's deserved burden of regrets. At staff meetings, his sole contribution would be to whine, "If we had jest done this..." or "If we had jest not promised to do that...". Most appropriate to a Southern or Western White House staff.

Quaalude. This medical staff member will slouch around the White House and keep younger aides supplied with the latest disco hits and Quaaludes.

—Owen Edwards

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Our 7-day "London Without Cash" Holiday. A jolly good deal.

The last thing you want to think about when you're off on holiday is how much cash to bring. Well, British Airways has a marvelous idea. Come to London and don't bring any. Our prepaid "London Without Cash" Holiday (available November 1 through March 31) is precisely what it says it is. You spend 7 blissful days in London. But once you board your British Airways jet, you don't have to spend a single penny if you don't want to.

$399 plus airfare.
Includes absolutely everything.

For less than some of the other chaps charge for just taking you over and back and giving you a place to stay, we give you *everything.* Room with bath at a nice, centrally-located hotel. All your meals (more about this in a moment). Unlimited travel on our bright red London busses and famed subway system. Museum admissions. Tickets to the theater and cinema. A rollicking nightclub show. A tea party. All this and more. And we promise you, no sneaky extras. No troublesome tips and taxes. How we do it for the money is our little secret. Just bear in mind, nobody knows London like we do.

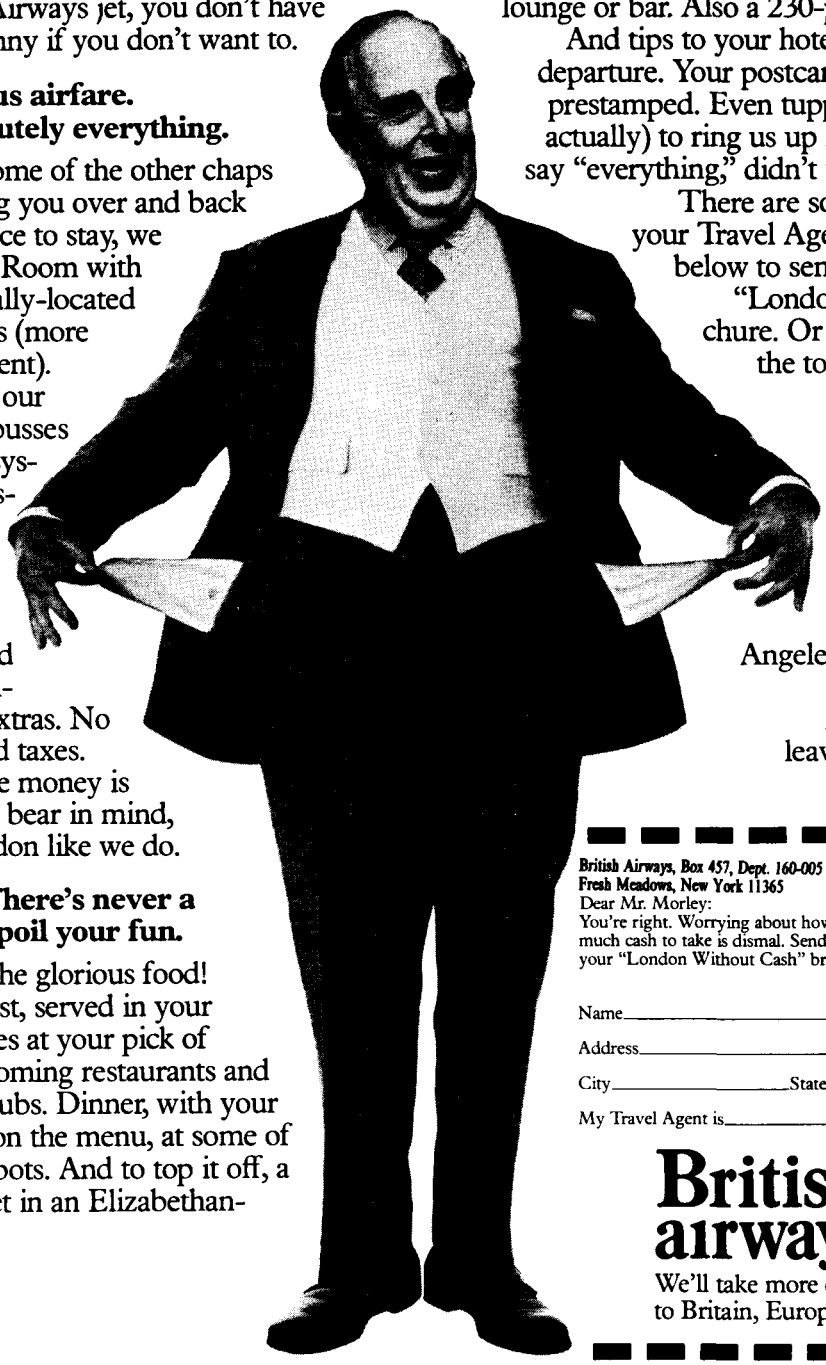
Eat like a king. There's never a beastly bill to spoil your fun.

Oh, the food, the glorious food! Continental breakfast, served in your hotel. Hearty lunches at your pick of more than 100 welcoming restaurants and convivial London pubs. Dinner, with your choice of anything on the menu, at some of London's poshest spots. And to top it off, a real English banquet in an Elizabethan-style nightclub. If you tried to do it all on your own, you'd spend a packet!

Even your postcards home are paid for.

The list of everything that's included runs impressively on. Your morning newspaper is included. As is your nightly nightcap in your hotel lounge or bar. Also a 230-page guide to London. And tips to your hotel porter on arrival and departure. Your postcards home, thoughtfully prestamped. Even tuppence (two new pence, actually) to ring us up if you need us. We did say "everything," didn't we?

There are some restrictions, so see your Travel Agent. Or use the coupon below to send for the details in our "London Without Cash" brochure. Or call British Airways at the toll-free number in your local directory. We do ask that you book 21 days in advance. You can leave from Boston, Philadelphia, Miami, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco as well as New York. And you can jolly well leave your wallet at home.



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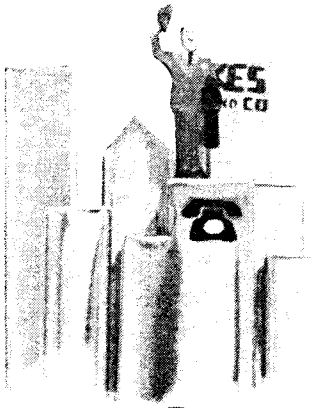
Corporate Communications

THE BATTLE FOR HEARTS AND MINDS

It was not very long ago that corporate communications meant issuing annual reports and stonewalling the press. But having fallen into the intemperate zones of public estimation, business has tried a new tack. Today corporations are entering the lists of public debate in a big way, through advertisements and sophisticated lobbying efforts, while aligning themselves with the angels through programs of philanthropy and arts patronage. Unsympathetic observers characterize the first as misinformation, and the second as blood money. But the campaign continues. In the following special section, *Saturday Review* examines this new public relations push, as well as the furious debate it has engendered.



Bridging the Communications Gap

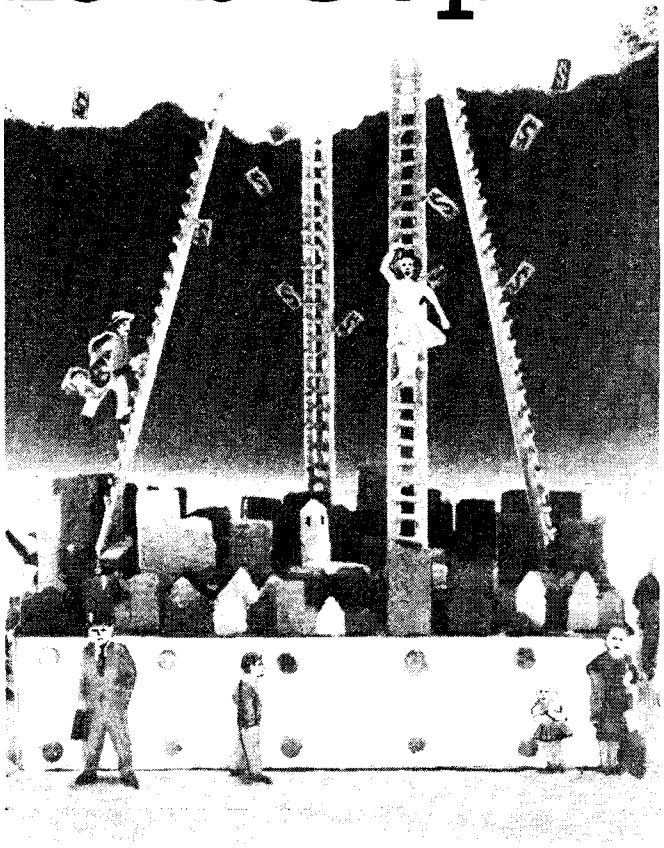
by Edwin McDowell

THREE DAYS AFTER President John Kennedy denounced the United States Steel Corporation for raising prices $6 a ton, board chairman Roger A. Blough ran up the white flag and rescinded the increase. That occurred in April 1962.

Last June, President Carter was so riled by Mobil Oil Corporation's opposition to his decontrol program that he branded Mobil "perhaps the most irresponsible company in America." Instead of declaring a cease-fire, Mobil continued its opposition and its board chairman, Rawleigh Warner, Jr., said of Mr. Carter's angry remark, "We don't deserve it and we didn't earn it, but we had the temerity to disagree with his energy policy and I'm proud of it."

Those vastly different responses underscore a fundamental change that has come over corporate America, most notably in the past few years: Big Business is increasingly eager to stake out positions on public issues, even controversial public issues, and stick by them even if it means incurring the wrath of the President of the United States. This metamorphosis is a far cry from the days of the Kennedy-Blough set-to, the outcome of which prompted a conservative journal to scorn "Roger Blah of U.S. Putty."

As never before in history, corporate executives are sparring with critics in formal debates, appearing on television talk shows, and testifying before Congress. Many of the 190 chief executives who belong to the blue-chip Business Roundtable spend almost as much time in Washington as in their



CONSTRUCTION BY JOHN LUPE, PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL HOWARD

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own offices. And the new breed of executive is brimming with confidence—often because he is a graduate of a corporate training course, developed by any of a half-dozen high-priced consulting firms that teach top management the techniques of persuasion, argumentation, and media tactics.

And that is only the half of it. Under the rubric of "corporate communications," "public relations," or "public affairs," corporations have mounted expensive advertising campaigns to trumpet their philosophy as well as their products. They contribute more than $2 billion a year to higher education and other philanthropic causes. They contribute 9 percent of public television's revenues. They help fund prestigious arts festivals. They endow academic chairs at major universities.

If all that is not enough to win friends and influence politicians, companies possess the ultimate political weapon: money. Last year, 821 corporate political action committees disbursed $15.3 million to hundreds of federal and state political candidates—almost three times the amount corporate PACs disbursed just two years earlier. The reason for this largesse was summed up by Justin Dart, chairman and chief executive officer of Dart Industries of Los Angeles, whose own company PAC gave $119,300 to candidates in the 1978 elections. At a meeting of chief executives in Boston last year, Mr. Dart said, "I don't advocate that business buy a legislator." But in dealing with candidates or legislators, he added: "Rhetoric is a very fine thing; a little money to go with the rhetoric is a little better. They listen better."

For the record, not all corporate executives have been political or economic eunuchs until just recently. Nor did every company exemplify Calvin Coolidge's dictum about the single-minded devotion of business to business. Recurrent revelations of corporate bribery and payoffs running into the millions of dollars—one oil company alone gave almost $4 million to scores of congressmen, governors, state judges, and local politicians over an 11-year period—belie any notion of business as a docile Ferdinand. In fact, an important segment of big business, in activities from Chile to Japan, acted like a rogue bull in foreign china shops.

In part because of that deplorable legacy, corporate America is now making every effort to dispel lingering public distrust and suspicion. About one-third of the 2,500 largest corporations have supplemented their own armies of "information specialists" with outside public relations agencies—like the one General Foods employed to help quash rumors that its Pop Rocks candy caused a kid's stomach to explode, for example, or the two that squared-off on behalf of American Express and McGraw-Hill during the bitter takeover squabble between those corporate antagonists earlier this year.

At fees upward of a half-million dollars a year, the outside agencies act as counselors and corporate troubleshooters. Carl Byoir & Associates (which trained its big PR guns on the Pop Rocks rumors) offers clients an elaborate "takeover defense checklist." Harshe-Rotman & Druck has prepared an 18,000-word booklet for distribution by ITT, providing rebuttals to the usual litany of charges against multinational corporations. Burson Marsteller has helped devise a program to repair Gulf Oil's tainted image, an effort that involved putting some 2,000 Gulf managers through a day-long seminar in which they were subjected to hostile questions and instructed in how to deal forthrightly with the press.

Until recently, the public relations function at many corporations has been to keep the press at bay, particularly if it showed an inclination to print anything other than company handouts. "I was told when I came here that my job was not so much to get favorable publicity as to head off or minimize unfavorable news," admitted a 12-year public relations veteran of a large New England manufacturing company.

But that attitude is changing. "I spent two years as a reporter in Los Angeles trying to talk with Occidental Petroleum, but I could never even get near the place. Now they talk to everybody," grumbled a New York financial editor recently. However, that dialogue is not always friendly. Last December, Occidental's counsel sent to the *Washington Star* an eight-page letter (co-signed by the illustrious Louis Nizer) taking issue with alleged inaccuracies in several articles the newspaper published about the company, one of the nation's largest industrial concerns.

Some corporations have chosen to make their case through advertisements, and they were emboldened by last year's Supreme Court ruling that they could campaign for or against state referendums. The ruling left unresolved a number of questions about the limits of advocacy advertising, but many corporations have wasted little time testing those limits. Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation recently submitted three issue-oriented commercials to the major television networks, which rejected them on the grounds that they were too controversial and that if a network aired them, it might have to allow free time for dissenting views under the Fairness Doctrine. So Kaiser promptly shifted the $1 million it had budgeted for the television campaign to run virtually the same message—dealing with energy, free enterprise, and government red tape—in 41 newspapers and on 75 radio stations. It also ran ads complaining about the networks' decision in six big newspapers.

Mobil is one of the pioneers of advocacy advertising. Since 1970 it has sponsored controversial and sometimes contentious advertisements on all sorts of public issues. Last year its advocacy ads cost about $3.5 million of the company's $21 million public relations budget— "And they were worth every cent of it," said Herbert Schmertz, Mobil's vice president of public affairs. If nothing else, the Mobil example, combined with the energy crisis that put oil companies on the publicity firing line, has wrought a major change in the closely guarded corridors of the oil industry. Instead of acting like potentates in their dealings with the press and public, oil companies are trying to be cooperative.

Corporate America is making every effort to dispel lingering public distrust and suspicion.

BIG BUSINESS'S TRADITIONAL reluctance to shun public controversy was not because it lacked the wherewithal to state its case; indeed, many industries have budgets that dwarf those of all but a handful of industrialized nations. The reluctance was dictated by corporate tactics and priorities—misplaced tactics and priorities, as it turns out. But today's chief executive typically spends much of his time dealing with (rather than dodging) the media, stockholders, civic and social organizations.

"I guess I spend a third to one-half of my time on those things," said Greyhound Corporation chairman Gerald H. Trautman during a recent interview in his Phoenix office. "But it's no longer possible to consider that time away from business, it's an integral part of business." Mr. Trautman, an articulate Harvard Law School graduate, has championed deregulation of bus lines, argued for a permanent grand jury to fight crime in Arizona, and warned Greyhound employees and shareholders about the dangers of inflation. Meanwhile, his company's progressive attitude toward minority employment has earned him honors from three black colleges and tributes from several women's organizations.

The instinct for self-preservation is an important factor in business's changed attitude. Businessmen saw that even though U.S. Steel withdrew its price hike in 1962, that gesture did not create any lasting goodwill toward the industry, or prevent it from becoming what some regard as little more than an appendage of the federal government. Decisions regarding the oil and automobile industries are increasingly

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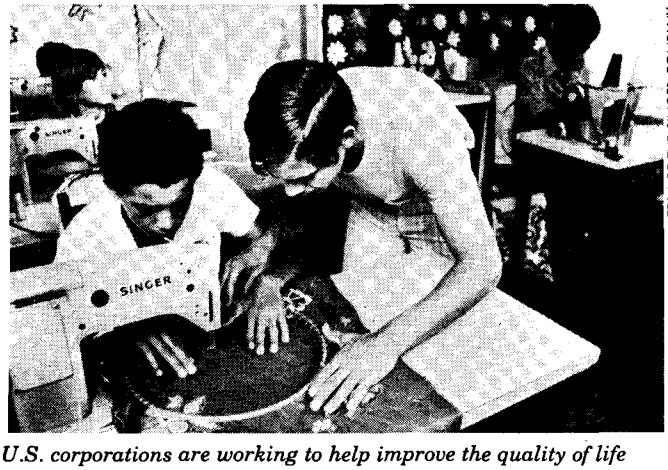
COURTESY OF CARNATION DE MEXICO



COURTESY OF THE SINGER COMPANY

U.S. corporations are working to help improve the quality of life at home and abroad by supporting day-care centers (top), sponsoring farm schools (center), and providing free sewing lessons.

being made in Washington, rather than in Detroit or Houston. And business realizes that to be heard, it must raise its voice above that of the federal government, which has an elaborate public relations network of its own—at a cost of at least $1 billion a year, according to private estimates of the Office of Management and Budget.

But the overriding concern of big businessmen—and the single sharpest spur to their recent activity—is that industry is being strangled in red tape and needless regulation. A study for the Business Roundtable pegged the direct additional cost of regulation at nearly 16 percent of the after-tax income of 48 large companies in 1977. And economist Murray Weidenbaum, director of the Center for the Study of American Business at Washington University, figures that the cost of regulation is equivalent to a hidden tax of more than $500 annually on every American. When Republican presidential contender George Bush declared last year that "the business of America seems to be the regulation of business," his audience of corporate executives burst into applause.

Management's decision to come out of the corporate closet seems to have stirred up some resentment among its adversaries, but most businessmen feel that their image could hardly get worse. Almost every public-opinion poll in recent years has charted a decline in public confidence in business and its officers. In 1968, 70 percent of respondents to a survey by Yankelovich, Skelly and White agreed that "business tries to strike a fair balance between profits and interests of the public"; nine years later only 15 percent agreed. During that same time, the percentage of people in a Louis Harris survey who have "a great deal of confidence in the people in charge of running major companies" plunged from 55 percent to 18 percent. "So why not speak out? What do we have to lose?" asked a vexed vice president of a multinational corporation based in mid-Manhattan. "Maybe this way we can convince a few people that our economic policies are at least as sensible as Washington's."

INFLUENCING CONGRESS and the regulatory agencies is not corporate America's only concern. Many chief executives feel that big business is disliked because of shortages, oil crises, and corporate dirty tricks, and consequently many civic and social contributions that corporations make are ignored by the media. Among them:

- General Motors purchased $142 million worth of goods and services from more than 700 minority-owned companies last year, more than any other corporation and almost five times the amount it purchased two years earlier.
- Control Data Corporation, a Minneapolis computer manufacturer, has built four plants in ghetto areas, providing jobs for minority mothers of school-age children and for black teenagers, who comprise the largest share of the nation's hard-core unemployed.
- Coors has recycled more than 500 million pounds of aluminum since 1970, at a cost of more than $75 million. This amounts to about one-third of all the aluminum recycled in the United States annually, and last year it recovered the equivalent of 85 percent of the cans it put into the market.

No corporations have come under as much sustained attack in recent years as the multinationals, which operate all over the globe. Some of them have indeed trampled upon native law, custom, and culture, but many are also working to improve the quality of life in host countries. Some examples:

- The Singer Company has helped establish education programs and thriving cottage industries in widely scattered Third World communities. In Mexico, company employees teach inmates of four state prisons sewing skills which they can use when they are released. The efforts of a local Singer employee have almost single-handedly transformed San Jose Iturbide, a village 150 miles north of Mexico City, from an impoverished farming village into an important market center for the area's thriving knitting industry. And Singer is helping the Brazilian government provide free sewing lessons for 30,000 people in 400 rural towns.
- Xerox underwrites production costs of *Sesame Street* in Spanish and Portuguese for broadcast in Latin America and has pledged $250,000 over 10 years to the Nature Conservancy of Canada, a private organization that acquires and protects natural land areas.
- McDonald's organized and financed a telethon in Australia to raise funds for a rehabilitation center for crippled children and for a center in Sydney for deaf and blind children.

Most businessmen are eager for such stories to be publicized, but the pessimists among them despair that nothing will dissuade some critics from the notion that corporations are motivated only by profits. The anti-business crowd, said a General Motors executive, doesn't find the corporation that implements such programs "any more praiseworthy than the robber who tosses his victim carfare." But even he conceded that "it's probably important to get those stories out to people so they're not automatically hostile to us."

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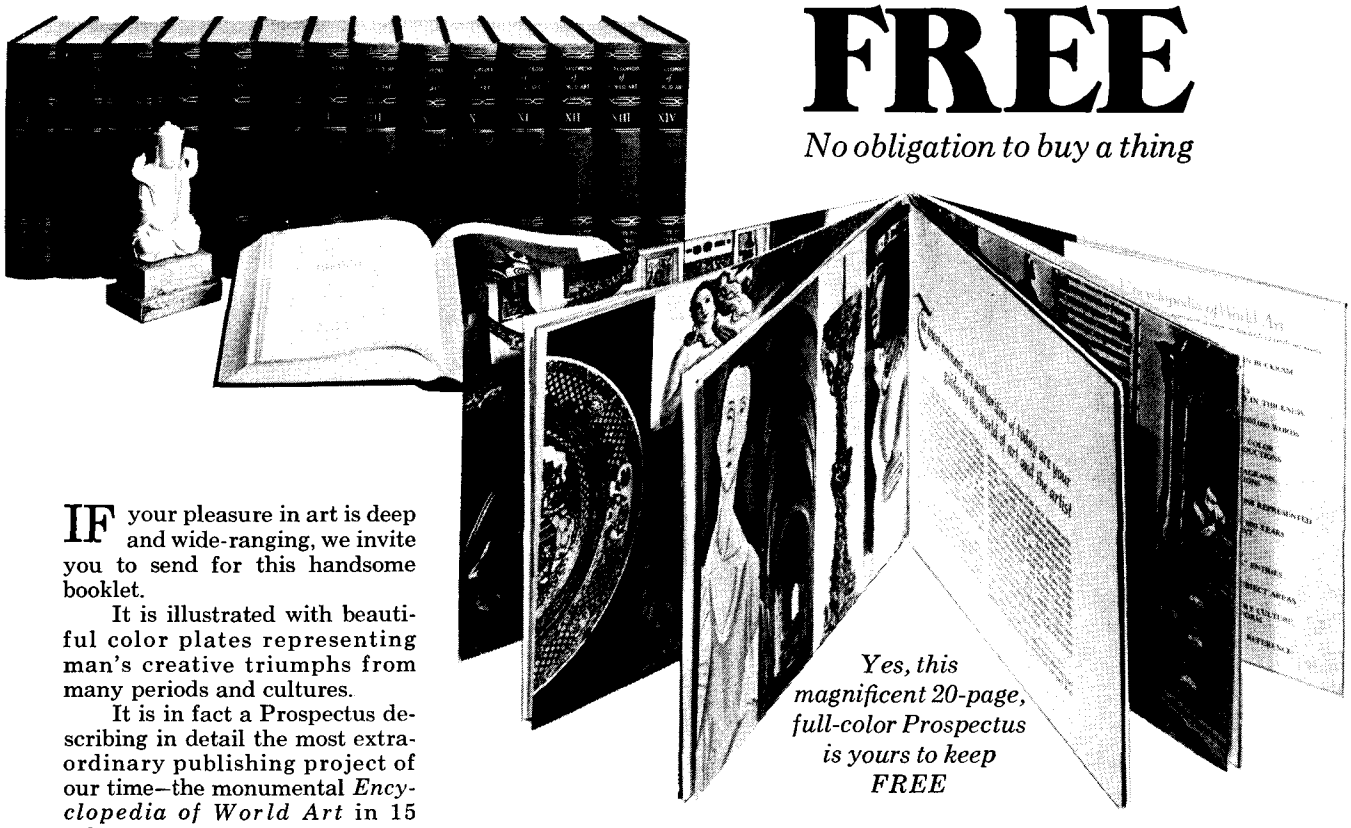

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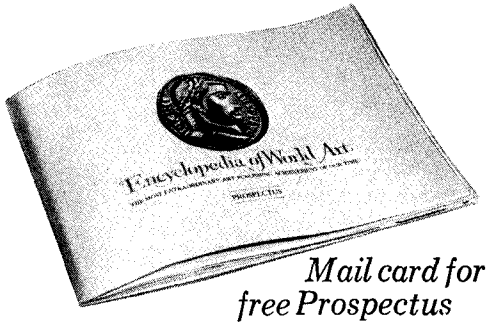

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AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

LAND

It was a land of promise... and it never disappointed them.

COURTESY OF PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

A film series for high-school students explains the U.S. economy in terms of people, resources, technology, and government.

MEDIA CONTACT IS IMPORTANT to corporations, but it is still only one arrow in the business communications quiver. Recently lobbying, that highly organized offshoot of the constitutional right to petition government, has become more intensive. While it can involve payoffs and bribery, often lobbying involves nothing more than an expenditure of shoe leather, the art of friendly persuasion, and the ability to marshal facts in one's favor.

Estimates of the number of Washington lobbyists run as high as 15,000, up from 8,000 only five years ago, but their collective budgets are said to total hundreds of millions of dollars. Hundreds of oil company and allied industry lobbyists ply their trade on Capitol Hill, offering information and advice and doling out campaign contributions (more than $500,000 to members of the Senate Finance Committee alone in recent years). Every important corporation, labor union, and trade association has at least one lobbyist in Washington.

The reason, of course, is that the stakes are high and getting higher all the time. Astute corporate lobbying is considered the principal reason for the defeat of common situs picketing, reduction of the capital gains tax, and defeat of the consumer protection agency bill. (A lobbyist for Armstrong Cork led the coalition against the latter measure.)

One little-known but powerful lobby is the National Milk Producers Federation, the principal arm of the nation's three largest dairy cooperatives. The dairy lobby spent $1.4 million on congressional races in 1976, but was amply repaid by Congress and the Carter administration with an increased milk price-support level that heaped an extra $4 billion on the shoulders of taxpayers and added an estimated two-tenths of 1 percent to the consumer price index.

Even more powerful is the Tobacco Institute, which Senator Edward Kennedy, chairman of the Senate health subcommittee, has described as probably the most effective lobby dollar-for-dollar on Capitol Hill. Outsiders know little about the inner-workings of the 21-year-old group, but it is thought to have an annual budget of nearly $5 million and some 70 full-time lobbyists. The institute funnels political contributions and research funds through two separate organizations, publishes a tabloid newspaper, and sponsors "truth squads" to spread the industry viewpoint that smoking has not been proven to be harmful. It hires Washington law firms with important political connections, and its clout is such that the eight-cent-a-pack federal cigarette tax has not changed in 28 years, despite repeated efforts to raise it.

BUSINESSMEN ACKNOWLEDGE that they still have some influence in Washington, if not as much as they used to have. Where they do feel impotent is on campus, therefore they are attempting to rectify that by endowing academic chairs and departments of free enterprise.

The first such effort started with the Chair of Free Enterprise at Georgia State University in Atlanta in 1962, endowed by small donations from about 200 corporations, foundations, and individuals. Until about five years ago, there were still only four or five such departments, according to Dr. John L. Ward, president of the Association of Private Enterprise Education and director of Loyola University's Department of Free Enterprise Activities in Chicago. Today such departments exist at 30 colleges and universities, including such prominent schools as the University of Southern California, the University of Texas, Baylor University, Purdue, the University of Minnesota, Texas A&M, and Texas Christian University. Each is at least partly underwritten by corporations, the most prominent of which—the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company—has endowed chairs at Kent State University and Akron University, at a total cost of $500,000.

The Chair of Free Enterprise at the University of Texas enjoys a $1 million endowment thanks to several hundred contributors, including companies and individuals. "It's one of the first to be established in a larger university, especially a large state university," explained Earnest F. Gloyna, dean of the College of Engineering. "We examine the relationship among economics, engineering, and the free enterprise system. It's interdisciplinary, it's run like any other program on campus, and we're very proud of it." The university's College of Business Administration also has a Chair for Constructive Capitalism, while nearby Baylor University has a Chair of Private Enterprise, a Center for Economic Education, and a Chair in Entrepreneurship, according to Dr. Ward.

One of the most impressive efforts to teach economics, by all accounts, is Phillips Petroleum Company's *American Enterprise Film Series* of half-hour films seeking to explain the American economy in terms of people, organization, resources, technology, and government. Almost 30 million students have seen at least one of the five films, which have been shown in more than half the nation's high schools. "They're the most-viewed educational films ever made," said Jim Fitchette, Phillips's manager of corporate advertising. "And they're not corporate propaganda—they're the result of a board of advisers comprised of nine economists from such schools as Yale, Penn., and the University of Washington. They've been so successful we have another series in the works."

Few of the corporate economic efforts appear to aim at turning back the social or economic clock, but at preserving what remains of a system that for all its shortcomings nevertheless permits greater free choice and flexibility than any other. Time alone will tell whether they succeed, and whether the corporate communications effort succeeds in bridging big business's yawning credibility gap. But corporate management, having weighed the alternatives, appears convinced that it is worth making an all-out effort.

Edwin McDowell is a business and financial writer for the New York Times.

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Business Buys Into the Arts

by Vicki Goldberg

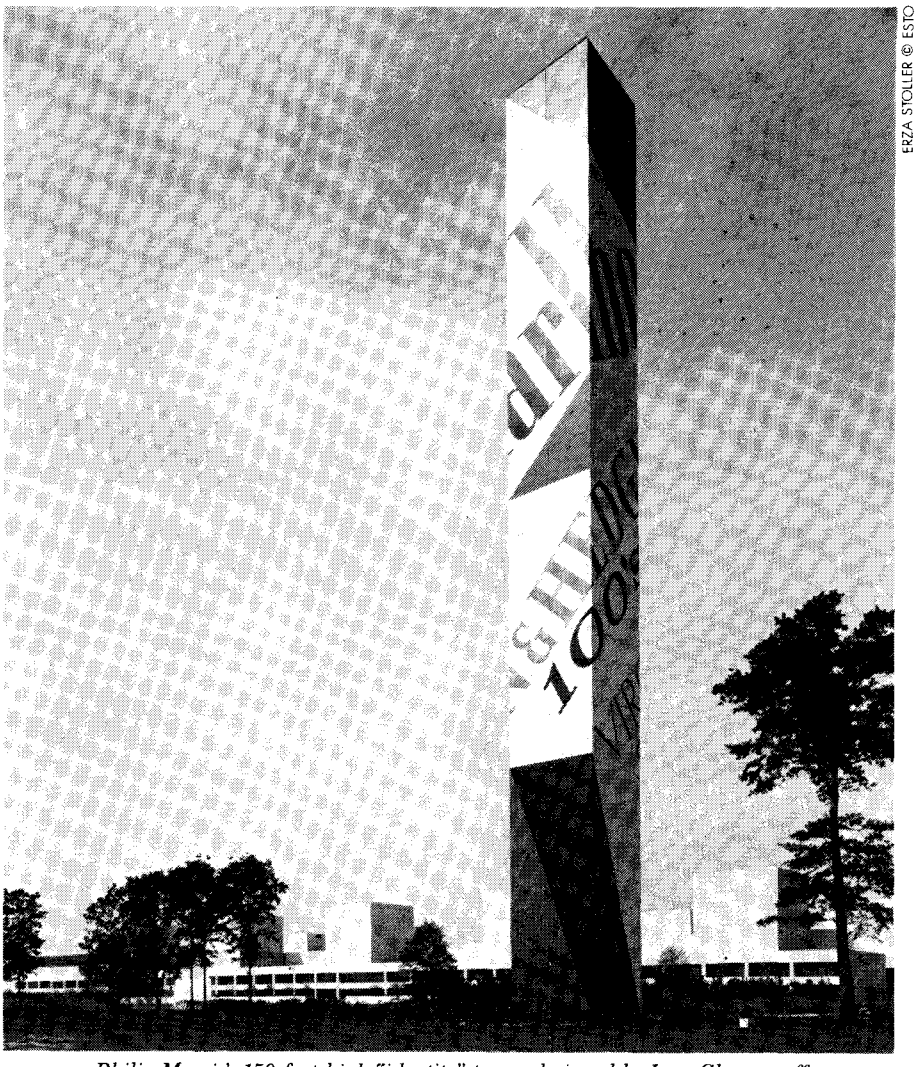
CORPORATIONS HAVE been courting art for a long while now, and what we want to know is: Are their intentions honorable? Perhaps the question is more serious: Will this be a fruitful union?

Corporate contributions to the arts multiplied tenfold between 1967 and 1976, from $22 million to $221 million. They rose steadily, even during recessions, while foundation grants tended to decline. Today, when the two national endowments together give about $170 million to the arts, corporations give an estimated $250 million. Not so much as it looks, however, when you realize it's only about 11.5 percent of all corporate philanthropy, and little enough in an economy of over $2 trillion.

Business supports the fine arts by sponsoring museum shows, by unrestricted gifts—relatively modest—for general operating expenses, by gifts like Mobil's to the Whitney and the Guggenheim enabling them to stay open one night a week, by matching employee gifts to the arts (a recent development), by lending business expertise.

The assistance can be proof of the American businessman's famed ingenuity. When Philip Morris first hung modern paintings in its offices, it ran up against some disgruntled employees. So the company offered the Whitney a yearly gift in return for the chance to borrow a few paintings every six months. George Weissman, chairman of the board at Philip Morris, says happily that "Now they can't complain because the paintings are the museum's, not ours." Ruder and Finn devised an art cart that Touche Ross and Company funds: The cart takes prints to patients in hospitals and lets them borrow what pleases them.

It's quite possible that business affects the kind of art we see and the number of people we have to shoulder aside to see it. It's quite certain that business affects the way we experience our streets. The most expensive, most visible, and least discussed corporate art support is architectural. Corporate headquarters have changed the look of cities, sometimes for the better, as in the Lever and Seagram buildings in New York, but more often not. One enlightened Maecenas, the Cummins Engine Company in Columbus, Indiana, not only hired distinguished architects to build its own three buildings but gave money to pay top architects' fees for the designing of several public buildings.



ERZA STOLLER © ESTO

Philip Morris's 150-foot-high "identity" tower, designed by Ivan Chermayeff.

The business-art nexus is not new. The Medicis, the Rucellais, the Fuggers were bankers who spread their names around through the brushes and chisels of artists. The first large art mart in Europe, in Rubens's time, was one flight up from the Antwerp stock exchange. Many museums were not only financed by businessmen but were intended to help business. One of the founders of the Metropolitan Museum, at its Central Park opening in 1880, said that the museum was interested in raising the level of design in crafts. His wish has been royally answered. Springs Mills now prints sheets with designs from the Met's collections. Since 1972, the company has paid the museum $1 million in royalties.

Fine art found its way into business advertising by the mid-19th century, when the Erie Railroad got Currier and Ives to write its name on a railroad print. Paintings to sell products increased from the early part of this century. In 1939, De Beers began commissioning art from Derain, Maillol, Dufy, and Dali to enhance the status of diamonds. The Container Corporation of America's Great Ideas of Western Man series, each illustrated by an important or promising artist, began in 1950. More recently, Braniff hired Calder to paint airplanes, the first attempt to beautify the stratosphere.

So it's not a new story, this mercantile interest in the arts, but in the last 10 or 15 years it has taken a dramatic turn. It's been building since 1935, when the

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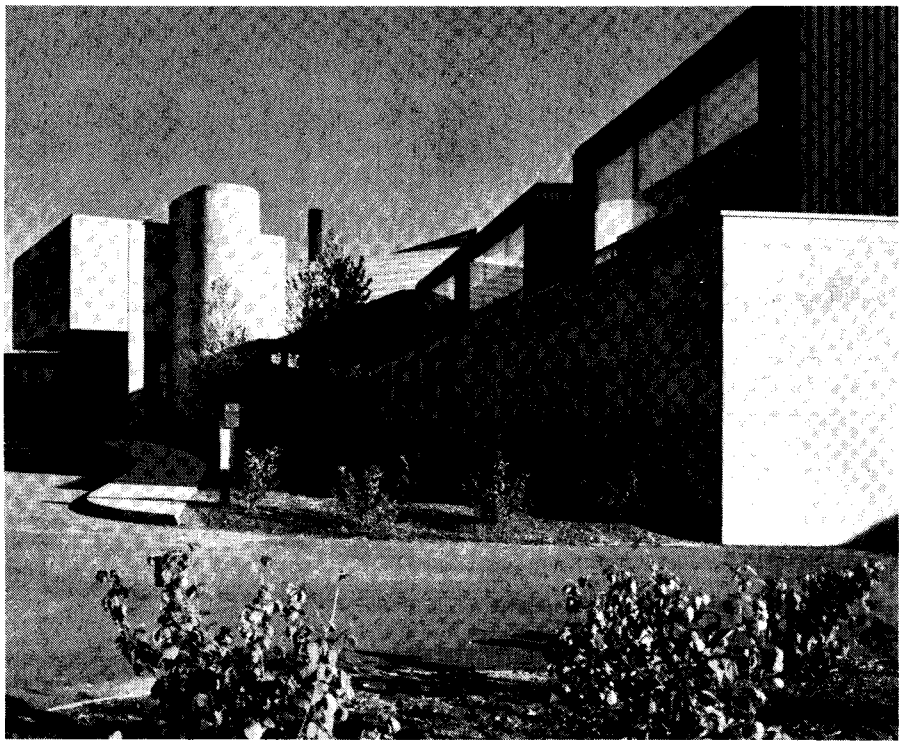

BALTHAZAR KORAB

Cummins Engine Co. paid for John M. Johansen to design the Frances Smith school.

Picture of the Lady in the Court Dress (1835), Timen Orlov, from the Control Data show.

government legislated tax deductions for corporate giving. Europe has no such tax credit and few corporate contributions of any sort, but even in America business gives away nowhere near the deductible 5 percent of income, so tax credits don't explain everything. The concept of corporate social responsibility is part of the explanation. In a landmark case in 1953, shareholders sued a company for giving money to Princeton, saying that no benefits accrued to them. The court held that business not only had the power to give to a nonprofit institution but had what amounted to a solemn duty to do so. In 1965, a Rockefeller Foundation report on the performing arts, which spelled out the economic crisis in the field, announced that "support for the arts is a part of community responsibility, and a healthy cultural environment is clearly in the self-interest of the business community." Nine years later, a Louis Harris poll reported that 65 percent of Americans 16 or over believed that business should support the arts.

Business had long been giving to education and health, but the Great Society programs of the early Sixties and the creation of HEW made it harder to make an impact there. Businessmen are accustomed to making an impact with their money. They knew that the nation had fallen in love with culture, and they were not about to buck a trend. Business was decentralizing, and executives felt they needed museums and orchestras to lure personnel to the boondocks. As Gideon Chagy, vice-president of the Business Committee for the Arts, points out, our executives caught the culture bug themselves. Increased college admissions, TV, cheap books, and easy travel created a wide level of cultural awareness and a new breed of chairman of the board. In 1900, 40 percent of American executives had a college education; by 1971 the percentage had risen above 90.

So business ventured in as the arts were falling into a financial quagmire. Success had hurt museums badly. The big increase in visitors, the expected increase in services, and the gathering inflation had vastly overstrained facilities. A number of people in the museum world say business threw them a life preserver at a desperate moment. There is little question that the arts needed corporate money. At a 1978 Princeton conference on the Corporation and the Visual Arts, a staff member of New York's Museum of Modern Art said he was deeply grateful for corporate support and for government support, and "I take any money I can find from wherever it comes. I often wish I knew a mafia executive."

Some suspect that business is itself a kind of mafia, exploiting art for its own self-interest. They are right. Business

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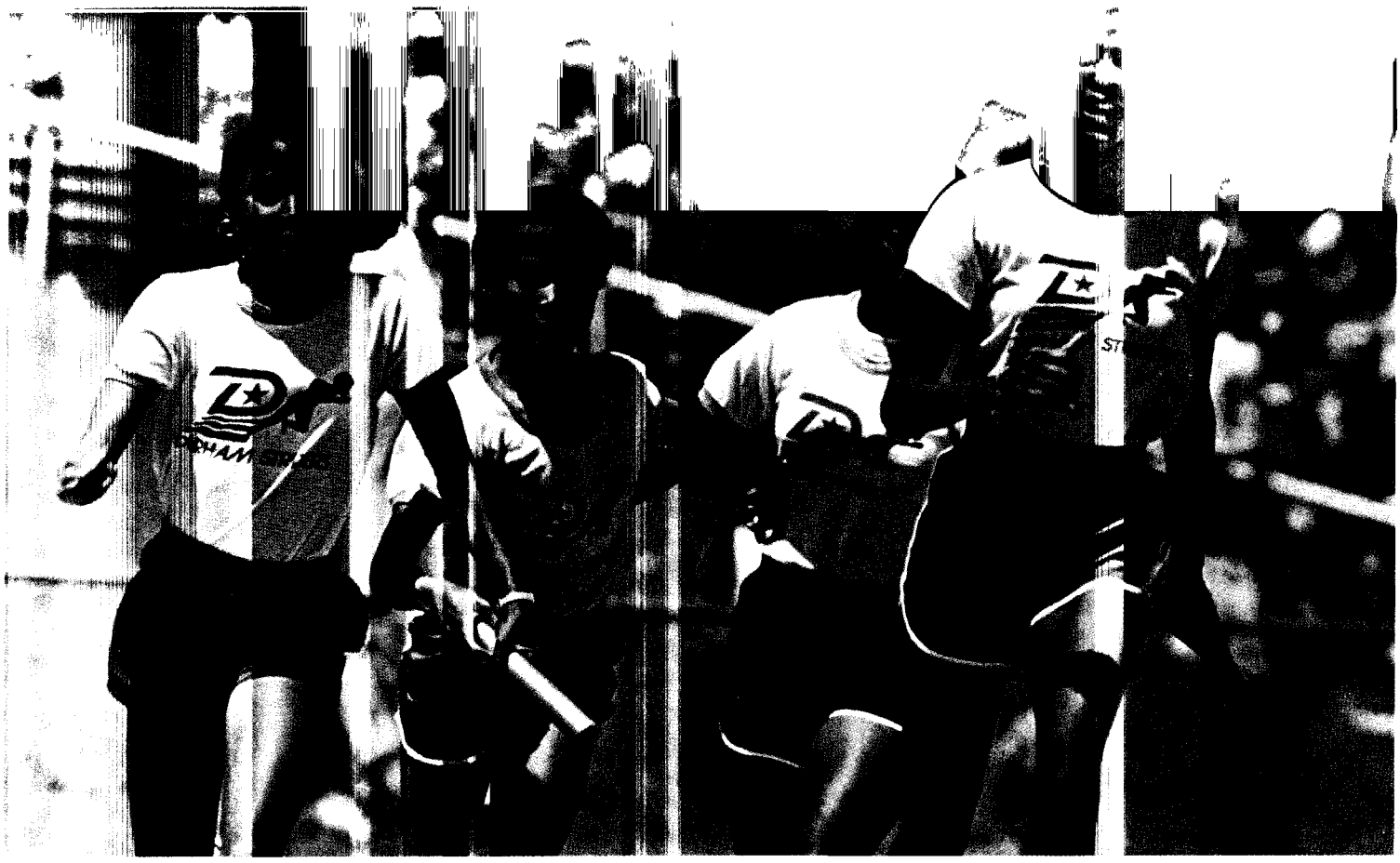

Herman Graham of IBM believes that everyone can be a winner.

The Striders, a track team in Durham, N.C., are running away with honors at the AAU Junior Olympics.

The Striders started racing three years ago because Herman Graham, an IBM purchasing agent, had an idea about helping kids gain confidence.

"In track," says Herman, "everyone can find something to excel in. And that kind of self-esteem can last a lifetime."

Even with the coaching assistance of fellow IBMers Ralph Bullock and Frank Davis, Herman's work with the 350 Striders takes up most of his evenings and weekends. But Herman says that he is amply rewarded just seeing a kid smile after shaving a 10th of a second off his or her record.

And IBM has helped out too. The IBM Fund for Community Service provided money to repair the Striders' team bus when it broke down.

We're proud of employees who contribute to their communities. The IBM fund for Community Service is one way we help them help.

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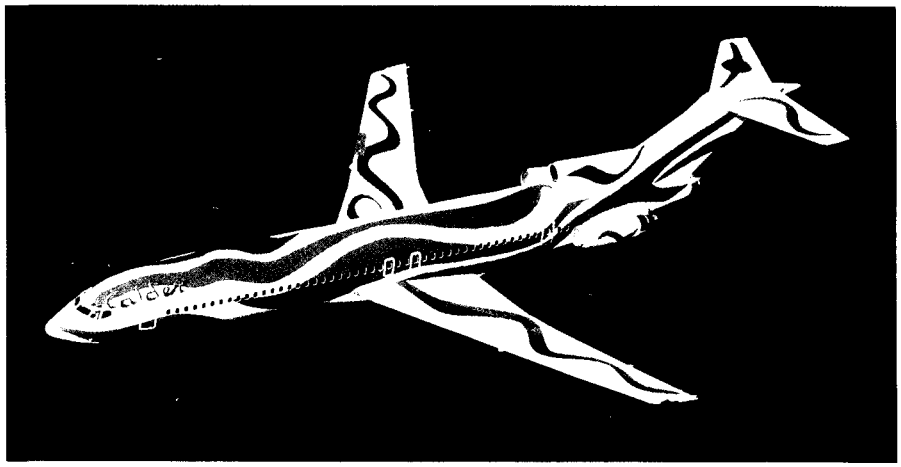
leaders wouldn't mind a bit if their support of art improved business, made the company name highly visible, and polished up their image. George Weissman of Philip Morris believes that "Good art is good business." He says, "We cannot measure the benefit. All we know is that being in what I call a pleasure industry, cigarettes and beer and 7-Up, it's nice to be the good guys rather than the bad guys once in a while. We're the only tobacco company doing this, and since it started, sales have gone up dramatically." With cigarette ads banned on TV, a tobacco company might well look for a subtler way to spread its word.

Make no mistake about it: Individuals exploit art to the exact same ends. When it comes to profit, a collector who lends work to a big museum show expects the value of that piece to increase substantially. As for image and visibility, neither Joseph Hirshhorn nor Robert Lehman has been what you'd call shy about attaching his name to his collection.

So far everyone—business, museum, community—seems to have benefitted economically from corporate support. When the Shawmut Bank of Boston offered free memberships to Boston museums (and to the Boston Symphony Orchestra) to anyone who opened a new account or added $200 to a current account, the bank got $2 million of new business from $50,000 worth of promotion. It is hard to imagine that the museums felt exploited. The Museum of Fine Art got 2,062 new members; the Museum of Science, which had been adding 175 members a month, got 1,916 in six weeks. For the 103 days that the Tut show, that mammoth and beautiful hype, took over New York, it helped pump $1 million a day into the city's economy from out-of-towners.



COURTESY OF BRANNIFF INTERNATIONAL

Braniff International jet painted by Calder as a salute to the Bicentennial (first flight, 1975).

But will the profit motive change, and harm, museums? Since museums are increasingly putting business managers into key positions, there is a danger of increasing pressure from within and without to choose shows for their money-making potential rather than for quality, aesthetics, or education.

A new wrinkle in business support points up the increased emphasis on the dollar sign. Both Time Inc. and Control Data Corporation are managing and funding shows not through outright gifts but through advances to be repaid, at least in part, from sales of items related to the show. Time Inc., in cooperation with the Greek government and the National Bank of Greece, will present a large show of Greek antiquities from the time of Alexander. The company has asked the National Gallery to help organize the show. Control Data approached the Minneapolis Institute of Arts for assistance with a loan show of over 400 works from Leningrad's Hermitage Museum. If these shows make profits for the companies, will other businesses choose to fund the arts in a similar manner?

The National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., says it is extremely pleased with the arrangement. Carter Brown, its director, feels that it is "grist for a very important mill, to try to keep the arts sector in this country viable. The great public demand has not been met by private giving." He points out that it's not so unusual for corporations to put a show together or to take an investment risk on a show, as publishers do with a book related to an exhibition. Nor is he worried about business taking over: "If we can't run our own show, we should be in another line of business." The reports are not all in on how well museums can run their own shows in the face of demands from so many cash registers.

To date, corporations appear to have been scrupulous about not exerting pressure or dictating policy to museums. Some never so much as see a show until it is hung. A few firms have made excessive demands; museums have refused to work with them. One museum official said, not for attribution, that it was easier to deal with corporations than foundations, which tended to be more di-

Taxi-Spaghetti *(1966), James Rosenquist. Collection: Container Corporation of America.*

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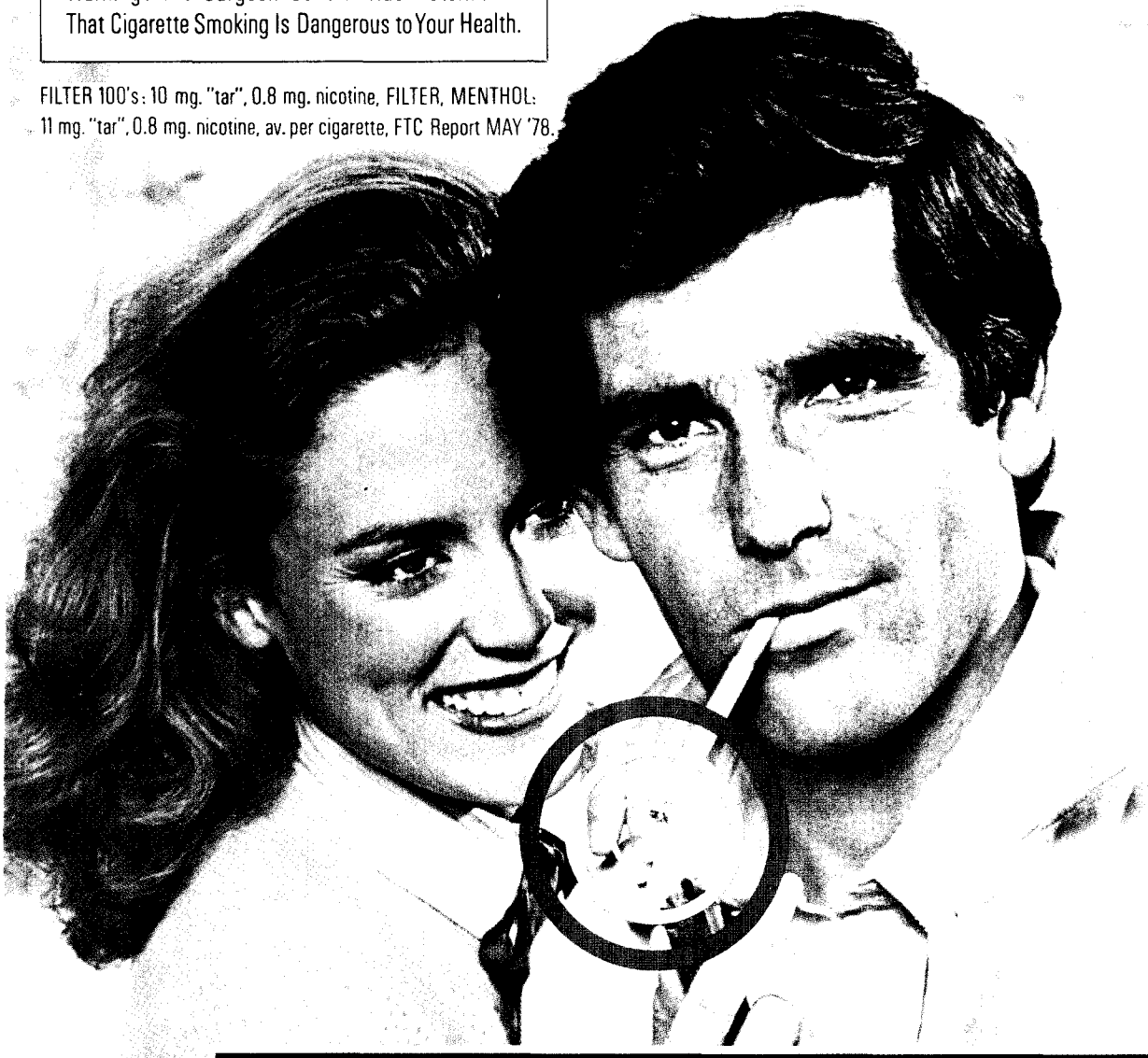
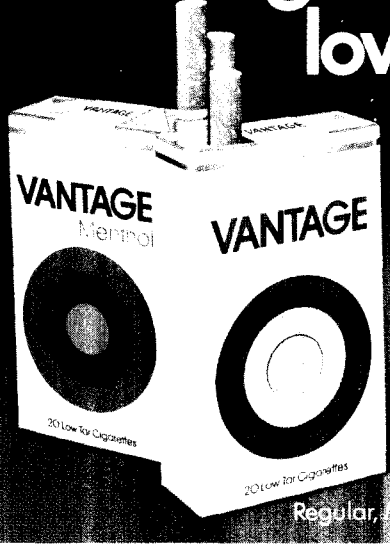
© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



The Vantage Point
Where great taste and low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact™' tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

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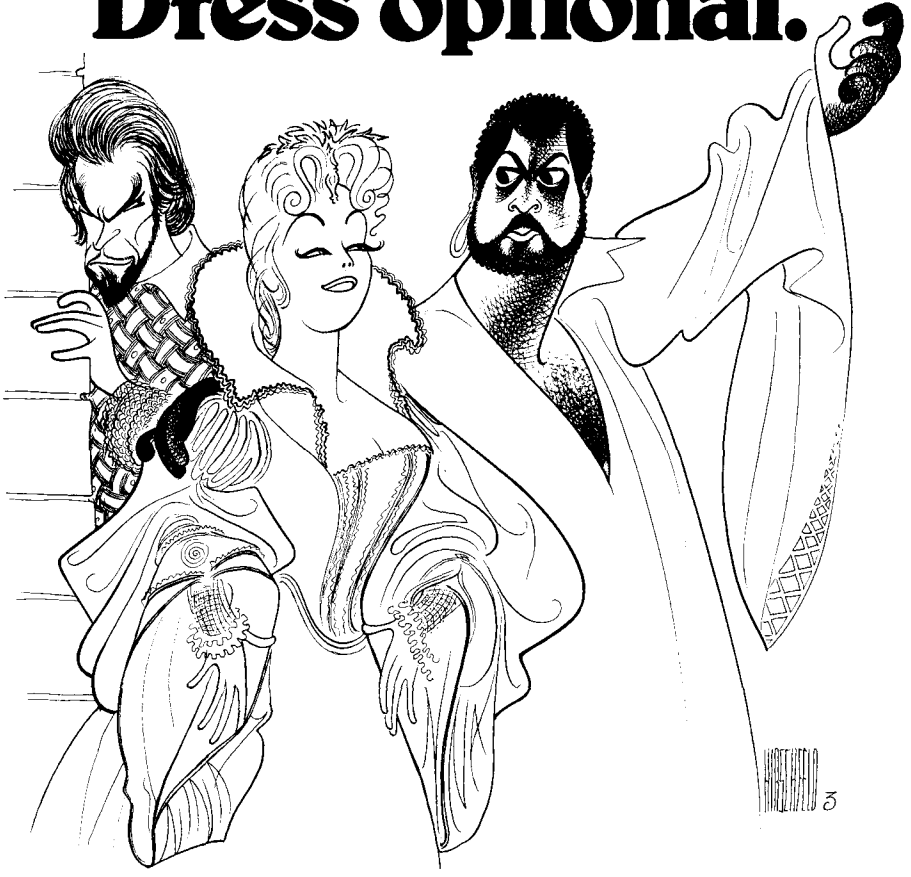
You are cordially invited to Opening Night at The Met. No tickets necessary. Dress optional.



Watch the telecast of Verdi's "Otello," with English subtitles, Live From The Met, Monday evening, September 24th, on PBS television.

(Check your local TV listing for time and channel.)

This season you can be part of the opening night excitement at The Metropolitan Opera without leaving your home.

On September 24th, the curtain rises on the new, exciting season. And you'll be there as Texaco begins its fourth year of Live From The Met PBS telecasts with a thrilling performance of Verdi's "Otello."

It's a passionate opera, filled with pomp and pageantry. The outstanding cast includes Gilda Cruz-Romo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Kurt Moll, Shirley Love, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine is the conductor. And Francis Robinson is your program host. "Otello" is the first in what promises to be another magnificent season of television broadcasts on PBS stations across the country.

Texaco hopes you'll be able to enjoy all of the telecasts.

Texaco. We're proud to be the supporting star of The Met.

TEXACO

Beginning in December, Texaco celebrates its 40th Anniversary Season of opera radio broadcasts.

Funding for Live From The Met is made possible by a major grant from Texaco Inc. and an additional grant from the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation.

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rective and restrictive in their giving.

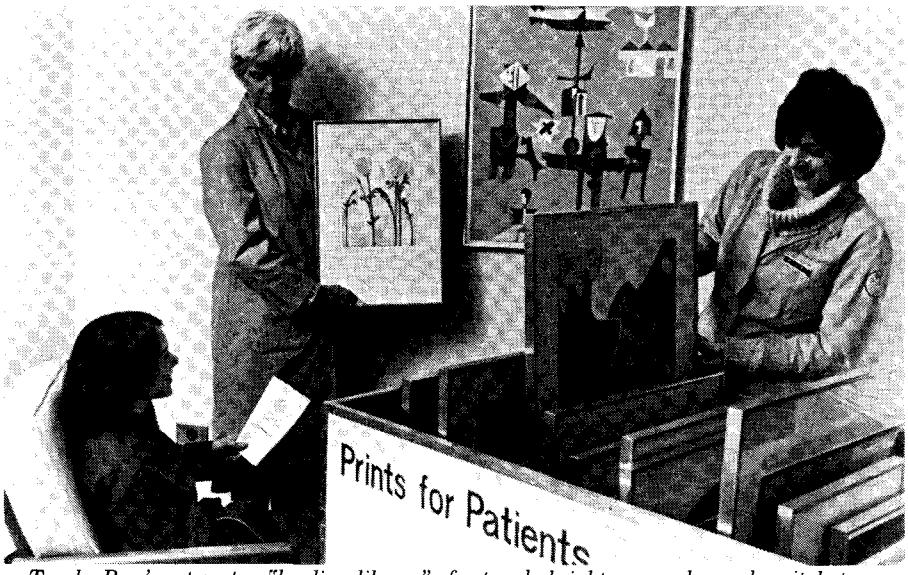
So direct influence is not yet a problem. More subtle is the possibility that one corporation may become so important to a museum, particularly a small one, that shows will begin to shift to its tastes. Or that one curator will grow excessively powerful because of his ties to a source of corporate funding. Or that museums dependent on corporate input will feel pressured to mount shows that are safe, highly visible, and certain to pull in crowds.

Corporations prefer their art safe. That means established names and history, virtually nothing avant-garde, few young living artists. Museums are devoting more and more space to big names of the past, less and less to the currently promising and experimental. Younger artists are increasingly turning to so-called alternate spaces; if this continues, we may eventually develop a two-tier system of museums.

There are exceptions to the safety rule. Among corporate collections, one of the most adventurous belongs to Edward W. Duffy & Company, a pipes and fixtures company with 16 employees, based in Detroit. Duffy has an extensive collection of works by young Detroit artists, covering most of the walls and even the doors of its warehouse. Last year, Exxon sponsored a show of young American artists at the Guggenheim which it plans to repeat every other year, alternating with shows of young artists from other countries in which the company operates. These are unusual cases, but the lower cost of such shows could make them increasingly attractive.

Corporations value high visibility too, if discreetly managed. Enter the travelling blockbuster show, which spells further trouble for small shows, risky shows, shows of mainly academic interest. Even the blockbuster, however, has its problems. As it becomes more and more difficult to convince lenders to let works travel, companies might pull back on giving. Already cities short on corporate headquarters have trouble getting funding for shows.

There are some exceptions to the visibility rule too. Corporate giving to general operating funds, an unpublicized area, is on the rise. And although altruism is rare, it exists. In 1969, the Measuregraph Company in St. Louis, on learning that a major complaint about the local art museum concerned the attitude of the guards, joined the museum in hiring a management consultant firm to train guards in dealing with the public. More recently, a museum that had received funds from Philip Morris for a one-man show suddenly reported that the artist had refused to have his name associated with a corporation's and was withdrawing his work. Philip Morris gave the money anyway, anonymously.



Touche Ross's art cart, a "lending library" of artwork, brightens up gloomy hospital stays.

Corporate art has spread into the bedroom—Monet's water lilies design came from the Met.

The crowds and swarms and hordes of people in museums today signal a major change to which corporate support has contributed heavily. Most big shows, from Dresden to Tut, couldn't go on without company money, and corporations work at increasing the audience by ads, TV, and mailings that museums can't afford and that the endowments won't fund.

When the heads in front of a Monet block out everything but an irregular strip of sky, you may not be entirely grateful. But John Limpert, Jr., director of development at the Museum of Modern Art, thinks it's all to the good. After the big Cézanne show, he comments, the audience for the Sol Lewitt show was larger than it would have been. Limpert sees the art world today on a Hoving axis and a Sherman Lee axis. (Lee is director of the Cleveland Museum.) "Hoving's great contribution is that he really changed the museum business, more toward promotion and merchandise. For Lee, the valid experience is one person looking at one picture. Those are two philosophies which we all will have to find our way between."

We're trying. It's a quandary, to love art and be overwhelmed by other lovers, to need corporate funds and suspect corporate power. It's a problem that's been around for a while. Eastman Kodak mounted a photography exhibition about which a critic wrote that he had "heard it remarked more than once, all this is advertising, clever advertising. Perfectly true. These people have sown plenteously; will anyone begrudge them if they should also reap plenteously?" That judgment was handed down in 1898.

Vicki Goldberg is a contributing editor of American Photographer.

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The View From the Bridge

A Poll of Business Leaders

OVER THE past decades, U.S. corporations have invested increasing amounts of money to influence public opinion. Their advocacy advertising—speaking out on issues that concern them—has been variously hailed as valuable contributions to our national dialogue and decried as nefarious attempts to invade the public's state of mind. *Saturday Review* asked a group of business leaders: Have corporate communications programs had much effect on American public opinion in the past decades? Has that effect been to enhance or to confuse our national dialogue? And, finally, should corporations invest more or less in trying to reach the public in the years ahead?

Edward M. Block
Vice President-Public Relations and Employee Information, American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Business in the United States and Canada will certainly continue to communicate its policies, objectives, and points of view to the public. But to assume that such efforts are undertaken to influence opinion with respect to public policy is to imply some unproved assumptions about the power of advertising.

I know of no authority who seriously believes that political and social benefits are akin to brand loyalty. Individuals do not embrace or modify beliefs easily. So it is safe to predict that the commonweal will not be reshaped by statements from executive suites. Furthermore, no intelligent management directs its communications toward some abstract, homogenized public that shares common assumptions, beliefs, and loyalties. No such public exists and it isn't likely to in a modern democratic society.

There are, nonetheless, many valid reasons why corporations seek to communicate. A few of the obvious ones :

- If your business touches upon the public interest, you are obliged to declare your policies.
- If you possess specialized knowledge or distinct competencies, your views may be welcome as well as helpful in resolving difficult issues.
- If you are wrongly accused of an action or if your policies are misinterpreted, you owe it to your constituents to set the record straight.
- Finally, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that the character of a corporation may enhance or diminish its marketing efforts. Hence, timely expressions of policy or opinion may help define or reinforce (note I said define or reinforce, not create) your company's character and thereby distinguish you from your competitors.

William A. Latshaw
Manager, Advertising Division, Bethlehem Steel Corporation

If you believe the pollsters who tell us the American public overwhelmingly supports the private-enterprise system but gives Big Business poor marks for credibility and responsibility, corporate communications programs have not had their desired effect on American public opinion in past decades.

Here at Bethlehem, we *do* believe the pollsters. And that's one reason why in 1976 we shifted our corporate communications programs from "institutional" to "advocacy." By 1976, many issues vital to the welfare of our company—the environment, energy, foreign trade, government overregulation, technology, and the need for capital formation—had become part of our national dialogue. It had become obvious to us that if we didn't speak up, no one else would present our side of the issues.

So we did speak out. And we continue to speak out, confident that the American people want to hear both sides of an issue and confident that they will listen to us if we present our views in an honest, forthright manner.

Have we been successful? Have we been able to shift that attitude of our target audience in favor of our position on an issue? Yes. When we decided on advocacy advertising, we also decided to measure the effectiveness of that advertising. With the help of our ad agency and a research firm, we developed a unique program of attitudinal research.

Using benchmark and follow-up surveys, we have been able to track the shifts in attitude on each of the six issues we've advocated in corporate advertising to date. We report these findings to our corporate executive committee. And because these officers can see positive results, they've provided us with the funds needed to continue our corporate advocacy programs.

Based on our experience, I believe corporations should at least *consider* a greater investment in trying to reach the public: *If* they have a strong opinion on a vital issue. *If* their side of that issue is not being told. *If* they are ready to fund an adequate, ongoing corporate communications program. *If* they are prepared to measure the effectiveness of that program and react accordingly.

Franklin E. Shaffer
Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, Doremus & Company

The attempt by business to communicate with the general public has had mixed results. One of the reasons for these mixed results is that business generally doesn't know what it wants to say to the public, and quite often doesn't express itself clearly enough or put enough money behind its effort to influence public opinion.

Anyone who has met with federal agencies in recent years knows an anti-business attitude is burgeoning within the government. Yet business has not taken up this challenge to develop a true national dialogue. There are three reasons for this:

- *Timidity.* Many industries or individual corporations still hold dearly to an attitude of the past, when silence was considered the mark of wisdom and restraint.
- *Inconsistency.* A single ad, TV program, booklet, or even a year of advertising or public relations is hardly enough to do the job.
- *Failure to understand the interdependence of modern communications.* Surprisingly enough, some of the best-run American corporations still do not have

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an integrated corporate program in which advertising, public relations, and other communication tools function together to achieve corporate goals.

In the future, business will have to do more because of the growing anti-business attitude of those in powerful government positions. Spending more money is only part of the answer. To be effective, a corporation or industry must develop clearly defined goals; have the willingness to be forthright and aggressive, the tenacity to maintain the fight, and the imagination to use all available communication tools to implement its objectives.

William Bernbach
Chairman of the Executive Committee, Doyle Dane Bernbach

Corporate communication programs have not had nearly the effect on public opinion that the press seems to think they have, or that the detractors fear they have, or that corporations wish they had. Of the thousands of corporate communication programs, only a handful touch on public issues, and most of them are bland, ineffectual, or addressed only to the businessman.

The company that stands up and says what it believes, right or wrong, is doing the public a service. Whether it is doing itself a service is another question.

The acceptance or rejection of a corporation's point of view is largely determined by the public's existing attitude toward the industry of which that corporation is a part. That is why corporations should be extremely cautious before making investments in controversial public-issue advertising. Much of it is wasted because of the low credibility that corporations suffer from today. This kind of advertising is subject to backlash and a direct repudiation by opposing groups who do just about as much, if not more, public-issue communicating than corporations. So a program can become counterproductive.

I think the amount of advocacy advertising may actually diminish in the future because many companies will discover how low the return on the dollar can be. The question should not be how much, but for what purpose communication money is invested. Corporate communication dollars spent to communicate the right message can be a sound investment. A clear presentation by a corporation of its own positive activities can enhance its reputation and even put it in a better position to withstand adverse events and publicity.

Direct confrontation, on the other hand, is risky. It is worthwhile only if an almost irrefutable case can be made and if there is a willingness to be candid—even to the point of disarmingly admitting its own errors.

S. Prakash Sethi
Director, Center for Research in Business and Social Policy, School of Management and Administration, The University of Texas

The continued decline of the image of business in the public's mind would indicate that advocacy advertising campaigns have contributed little to the cause of public understanding and acceptance of business's viewpoint even in the last two decades. If corporate communication programs pursue their current strategies and policies, their future effectiveness in fostering favorable public opinion may be negligible.

The rationale for advocacy advertising campaigns has been twofold:

- To increase the public's knowledge and understanding of complex social issues

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO is proud to present the nationwide broadcast of a series of concerts by THE INDIANAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Under the leadership of Music Director John Nelson, the concerts, recorded live in performance during the 1978-79 season, will feature such outstanding guest artists as:

Mario Bernardi, *conductor*
John Browning, *pianist*
Kyung-Wha Chung, *violinist*
Dylana Jenson, *violinist*
Joseph Kalichstein, *pianist*
Ruth Laredo, *pianist*
Alicia de Larrocha, *pianist*
Douglas Lawrence, *baritone*
Seth McCoy, *tenor*
Yo-Yo Ma, *cellist*
Jorge Mester, *conductor*
Arkady Orlovsky, *cellist*
Paula Robison, *flutist*
Max Rudolf, *conductor*
Paul Schenly, *pianist*
Benita Valente, *soprano*

The thirteen-week series begins in October on National Public Radio.

Check your local public radio station for time and listing.

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra

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by introducing additional and accurate information into the marketplace of ideas and thereby improving the quality of public decision-making.

- To advocate a certain position—beneficial to the advertiser—for the public's acceptance.

Unfortunately, most advocacy campaigns fail to achieve these objectives because:

- Information campaigns are often superficial and not "informative."
- Most issue-related advocacy campaigns tend to be either "quick fixes" in response to special public relations problems or general pleadings for special interests with nary a wink at serving public purpose.
- The technical constraint imposed by mass media coupled with the proclivities of advertising agencies tend to reduce advertising messages to common clichés and catch headlines. They may capture the attention of the audience, but in the long run retention of the message—and belief in it—will be low.

An increase in expenditures on idea issue advertising by business is unlikely to be productive unless it is accompanied by a change in corporate goals and strategies. Corporations should develop a long-term perspective; strive for integrity in the treatment of their advertising message; make sure their activities in the marketplace are consistent with the public image they wish to project; be open to public criticism and willing to speak out against wrongdoers in their own ranks; and take a public position on an issue without hesitation even though it might be injurious to their short-run self-interest. ◉

Beyond the Bottom Line

by Edward Ney

NOT LONG AGO, many of the heads of large corporations viewed advertising as a chancy, and not quite legitimate, business expense. Whenever times were tough, advertising was generally the first item to cut. But we have now moved well beyond that point, and corporate executives realize that advertising provides the primary lift to any serious sales effort. However, the idea of business communicating about issues broader than the sale of specific products remains somewhat suspect and controversial.

A theory expounded by Milton Friedman and other conservative economists, over the last 15 years, contends that the primary business of business is business. Any activity not directly related to an improved bottom line betrayed the interests of the stockholders. Companies should concentrate exclusively on producing profits, the theory held, and good works would be paid for by the government from taxes levied on those profits. Thus the more profits a company made, the bigger its tax contribution, and, therefore, the bigger its social contribution.

Ironically, this classic "self-interest is the best interest" approach has foundered on the same hard, practical standards it was supposed to serve. For if there is one lesson that recent years have driven home, it is that leaving things to the government only results in high costs and misguided crusades that intrude on everyone's "self-interest."

Reluctantly, corporations were steadily drawn to a new outspokenness by the obvious failure of silence against a proliferation of misconceived and badly run government regulations, which business saw as a burden to the whole economy.

And so, from occasional patronage of the arts and Little League playgrounds —without a trace of specific sell—to newspaper advertisements addressing issues of the day, corporations have begun speaking out on their own behalf. Corporations have discovered that a possible way to win back understanding from the average citizen is to take up verbal arms against what has become a common exasperation: the bloated bureaucracy that bestrides us all.

It is this sense of shared frustration that also gives the new style of corporate communications its validity in mass media. Clearly the average citizen couldn't care less about the profit woes of large corporations, because his general perception is that they all make too much money anyway. But citizens do understand the need for profit, and they can relate to the problem of an insensitive or overintrusive government because they have experienced its intrusion into their own lives.

As for the legal right of corporations to address issues in paid advertising, I believe it is as clear as the right of commercial free speech (which was recently confirmed in several court cases). The corporation is a legal entity made up of many citizens, which should entitle it to no more—but certainly no fewer—democratic rights than any other group of citizens. To prohibit the right of expression of unions, universities, churches, or environmental groups would be unthinkable, so why the hue and cry against the same right for a corporation? This style of corporate communications seems to be taken to task because of its effectiveness in criticizing government agencies, which are accustomed to immunity from organized outside objection.

Public debate needs to recognize the voice of business if balanced judgments are to be made. Businessmen have been slow to speak out because they have failed to see that their commercial self-interests are not separate from, but firmly rooted in, the general interest. Corporations must not be civic bystanders, perceived as making covert moves in closed board rooms, if they are to win back the public confidence that they and our economic system need to survive.

Until recently, corporate communications have generally meant "paid advertising" and little else. A few companies have already leaped ahead and devised corporate strategies to expand such other communication opportunities as executive and employee participation in cultural and civic affairs, concern and sensitivity to public issues, corporate giving, fair hiring practices, opportunities for minorities and women, product quality control, and standing behind their warranties.

Corporate communications will become a sort of corporate body language. And if the public doesn't like what it sees and hears, no amount of paid advertising will persuade it that the XYZ Corporation is a good citizen, a good outfit to do business with or to tolerate. Virtue will be conferred, not simply claimed.

Two hundred years ago, Ben Franklin gave us all some pretty good advice, which corporate communicators might well heed today: "Either write something worth reading. Or do something worth writing."

Although the words and pictures and technology of corporate communications may change in the future, the challenge to communicate will remain the same.

Edward Ney is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Young and Rubicam.

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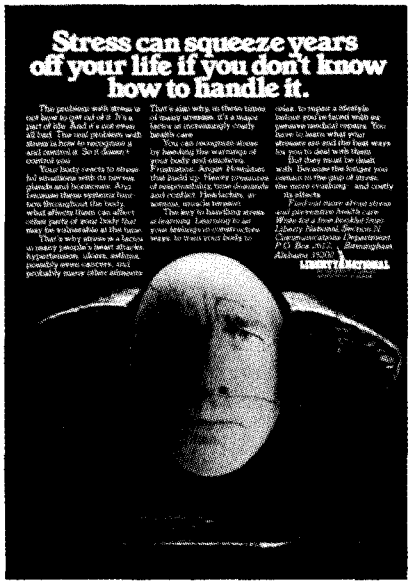
"A NEW FRONTIER IN COMMUNICATION"

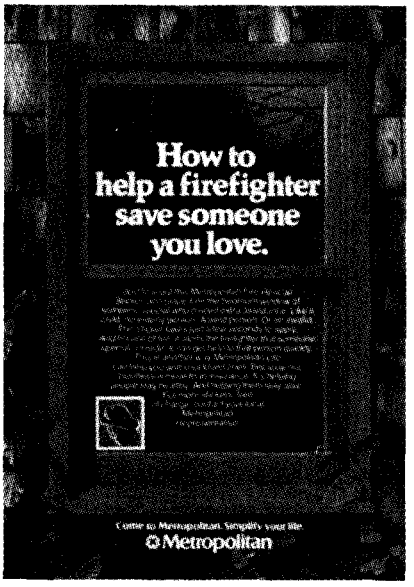
With this statement, a quarter of a century ago, the editors of *Saturday Review* instituted an award for advertisers who effectively use the medium of print "as an instrument to serve the public interest along with a company's private interest." It is with pride in this tradition and with ongoing belief in the future of corporate communications that *Saturday Review* announces the winners of the 25th Annual Awards for Distinctive Advertising in the Public Interest.

The entries this year represent a broad spectrum of corporate communicators, ranging from oil companies to financial institutions, from insurance companies to glass manufacturers to national special-interest organizations. The winning advertisements all champion the cause of preventive health care, reflecting an American tradition of dedication to, and concern for, the quality of life.

A committee of five judges, all of whom are members of the faculty of the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University, selected the winners on the basis of visual excellence, quality of copywriting, and whether the advertisement serves the public interest as well as that of the advertiser. The award-winners:



Liberty National Life Insurance Company *(agency: Luckie & Forney)*



Metropolitan Life *(agency: Young & Rubicam)*

Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company *(agency: Van Leeuwen & Partners)*

Roche Laboratories *(agency: Kimmich, Weinstein)*

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FORMIDABLE BALANCHINE

The Long Reign of America's Ballet Master

by Walter Terry

GEORGE BALANCHINE at age 75, forty-five years after the premiere of his first made-in-America ballet, remains the most influential figure in American ballet. In 1934 Balanchine put together for students at his and Lincoln Kirstein's new School of American Ballet a selection of basic ballet steps and *enchaînements*, dubbed it *Serenade,* set it to Tchaikovsky's Serenade in C Major for Strings, and presented both untested dancers and an unknown ballet at the Warburg estate in White Plains, New York. Today *Serenade* is an honored, cherished, and popular ballet in the repertories of companies both large and small. And the student dancers are the ancestors of one of the world's great ballet troupes, the New York City Ballet.

Balanchine's eminence as a choreographer and the worldwide prestige of his company are, quite simply, rooted in his own genius. But a director with a great talent—a talent immediately recognizable even when the director is struggling with negligible funds and small audiences—needs money to gain power and prestige. It was Kirstein who invited Balanchine, who was then visiting London, to come to America in 1933, and it was Kirstein's money (Filene's department store in Boston) that made possible the establishment of the School of American Ballet in 1934 and the founding of the American Ballet (forerunner of the NYCB) in 1935.

But the Kirstein money was merely a seeding; in 1963 (30 years after his arrival in America) Balanchine received a whopping $7,756,000 grant from the Ford Foundation. The total amount, to be released over a period of time, went chiefly to the SAB and the NYCB, but also to ballet companies and individuals with Balanchine connections, such as the San Francisco Ballet and the Utah Ballet (now Ballet West), headed by Lew and Willam Christensen, respectively, long-time associates of Balanchine. A year later Balanchine was presented with a theater, the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center—a 2,729-seat house costing $15,000,000 and designed (incorporating Balanchine specifications) by Philip Johnson—to be shared with the New York City Opera. Thus George Balanchine became America's most formidable ballet master.

STEVEN CARAS

Concerto Barocco, *an ever-popular masterpiece by the Euclidean choreographer.*

When the Ford grant was first announced there were, understandably, great cries of protest since the moneys had gone not only to one style of dance—ballet—but to one ballet family. Martha Graham, a tenth-generation American, creator of a dance technique indigenous to America, and recognized as one of the great choreographers of the age, received nothing. She berated Ford as "exclusive" instead of "inclusive." The New York City Ballet's only rival, the American Ballet Theatre, was overlooked, and both Lucia Chase, the company's co-director, and Agnes de Mille, with worldwide prestige as a choreographer, protested. Ted Shawn, founder with Ruth St. Denis of the famed Denishawn Dancers and schools, director of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, and fondly regarded as " the Father of American Dance," dramatically accused the Ford Foundation itself, and especially W. McNeil Lowry, head of the Humanities and Arts Division of the Ford Foundation, of allowing "the true American dance to be crucified on a cross of Ford Foundation gold!"

The shocking inequities of the Ford grant, however, had beneficent effects, in due course, on the companies that were overlooked in the creation of what Martha Hill, director of dance at the Juilliard School and a major pioneer in the field of dance education, described as "an unhealthy monopoly." The millions that went to the Balanchine "family" served to focus attention on the financial plights of other great American choreographers and companies. The newly formed National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency, rushed to the American Ballet Theatre a grant of $100,000 as a survival fund and

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LOUIS PERES

The ballet master rehearses .... Female dancers have provided Balanchine with inspiration.

$250,000 to underwrite a national tour. Miss Graham received $40,000 for two new works and $141,000 (a matching grant) for an eight-week tour of her company. These "survival" grants were given in 1965–1966 and, although paltry by comparison to the Ford grant, heralded a new era of arts support.

Within the Balanchine orbit, the Ford grant made possible the evolution of the amateur New England Ballet of Boston into the professional Boston Ballet, and of Barbara Weisberger's little regional ballet in Wilkes-Barre into the prestigious Pennsylvania Ballet. As these companies—six in all beyond the New York City Ballet itself—emerged, Balanchine gave them masterpieces, *Serenade* among them, for their own repertories. At the same time the facilities and programs of the School of American Ballet were extended, and scholarships were provided on a nationwide basis for ballet students to train in Balanchine-approved ballet studios or at SAB.

When Kirstein asked the young choreographer to come to America and start a ballet company, Balanchine replied, "But first, a school." Both school and company have grown beyond the wildest possible dreams of those men. The SAB has an enrollment of 400 students between the ages of eight and 21. The New York City Ballet itself, augmented by aspirants from SAB for ballets such as *The Nutcracker* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, numbers close to 100.

After creating more than 100 ballets for the NYCB and its companies, Georgi Melitonovich Balanchivadze, born in St. Petersburg, Russia, on January 22, 1904, would now appear to be an American choreographer. In 1958, as the curtain was about to rise on the world premiere of his *Stars and Stripes* (to music of John Philip Sousa), I asked him if the ballet had a story. "Yes," he replied. "The United States."

Stars and Stripes was, and continues to be, a huge popular success, but some thought that the high-kicking girls in uniform and their prancing male colleagues constituted an affront to American patriotism and that the Russian Balanchine was making fun of America. He was not. Balanchine had dedicated his new ballet to the memory of Fiorello H. LaGuardia, onetime mayor of New York City, and in it he saluted America's love of parades, of show, and of exuberant physicality. It was, of course, wholly balletic in technique, and Russian-based ballet technique at that, but it was clearly his concept of and comment on our gutsiness, flamboyance, and humor.

His major contributions to American ballet, however, have not been translations like his *Western Symphony* and *Square Dance* or the pseudo-jazz *Who Cares?* (George Gershwin), but ballets that the veteran British dance critic and author Arnold Haskell has described as "visual music." Only last month, Yuri Grigorovich, artistic director and principal choreographer of the Bolshoi Ballet, said of Balanchine's ballets, "Movement and sound come together in an incredible manner—you hear and see simultaneously." This gift was apparent nearly 60 years ago when, in 1923, Balanchine organized Evenings of Young Ballet, in Petrograd (formerly St. Petersburg and now Leningrad). Tamara Geva, who was to become his first wife, was a member of his group and in her recent memoirs, *Split Seconds*, recalls, "George experimented, creating combinations that freed the body from the strict bondage of classical form, [not] destroying that form, but, in fact, extending and expanding it.... Because he was an excellent musician (he had studied piano at the conservatory), he was able to play movement against sound in a wholly new way."

Since then Balanchine has raised ballet to a new level of dance purity and perfection with choreography that—usually unencumbered by story, sets, and elaborate costumes—seeks to mirror the form, style, rhythm, dynamic colorings, shape, tonalities, timbre of great music, the music of Bach and Mozart, Tchaikovsky and Glazounov, Ravel and Stravinsky, Hindemith and Ives. He did not invent this concept of choreography—early in this century it was originated by Ruth St. Denis, who called her choreographic extensions of forms "music visualizations"—but he has carried it to a peak of sophistication far beyond that of St. Denis.

Balanchine's unadorned ballets initiated an aesthetic revolution in the 300-year-old history of the classical dance. Ballet, by definition, had been an amalgam of dramatic narrative, design, music, and dancing. Very often, the least important collaborator was the choreographer, since it was the librettist who came up with the story, sought out an

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Preparing Patricia McBride and Mikhail Baryshnikov for TV.

artist to illustrate his ideas, consulted with a composer about the right kind of score, and engaged someone to set the steps and the pantomime.

In his non-narrative, non-costumed pure dances Balanchine was not, however, only bucking ancient traditions of ballet form, which began in the days of Louis XIV, founder and patron of the world's first professional ballet company in Paris in 1681, and included the dazzling era of Russia's mighty Marius Petipa (*The Sleeping Beauty*, *Don Quixote*, Acts I and II of *Swan Lake*). He was also departing from the fabulous era of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, in which he made his first choreographic impact.

Balanchine came to Diaghilev in Western Europe in 1925, following his defection from the Soviet Union in 1924. And it was for Diaghilev—whose one-act ballets united the talents of great contemporary composers, avant-garde painters, and sophisticated librettists with gifted young choreographers (Fokine, Nijinsky, Massine, and, finally, Balanchine)—that he created two of his most famous and enduring ballets, story-ballets both, *The Prodigal Son* and *Apollo* (or *Apollon Musagète*).

Balanchine's metamorphosis into a choreographer of "pure" or "abstract" ballets developed fully in the United States, partly out of necessity—many times there were no funds for settings and costumes and a bare stage had to suffice—but mainly because he was free, at last, to do exactly as he pleased. *Serenade* started out as an exercise for students and focused upon the entire group—each pupil had a chance to perform—since there were no principal dancers, let alone stars. Six years later, in a staging he did for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, he combined several of the parts in order to make extended roles for three of the most famous ballet stars of the day, Alexandra Danilova, Igor Youskevitch, and Frederic Franklin. When he reproduced *Serenade* for his New York City Ballet during its first year (1948), he returned it to its original no-star shape, although such ballerinas as Maria Tallchief and Tanaquil LeClercq did appear in it.

Serenade is not only the first of Balanchine's ballets in America, but a symbol of the ballet genre he has espoused and of his desire that ballets be starless. He has, of course, created some stars. He directed his several wives to stardom, beginning with Miss Geva in Russia and in the U.S. She danced with Ray Bolger in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet in the 1936 Broadway musical, *On Your Toes*, by Rodgers and Hart. Danilova—with whom he was closely associated, personally as well as professionally—became the prima ballerina of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and the most popular ballerina in America in the 1930s and 1940s. For Vera Zorina, whom he married in 1938, he created dances in both Broadway musicals and movies, and she became a headliner in both media.

Maria Tallchief was a highly promising dancer when Balanchine married her; but under his direction and through his ballets she became the star of his New York City Ballet and, for a time, the highest-paid ballerina in the world in her guest appearances outside the NYCB. For her he created an electrifying version of Stravinsky's *The Firebird* and one of the most difficult and brilliant of contemporary duets, *Sylvia Pas de Deux* (Délibes) which she danced with another virtuoso, André Eglevsky. And for his last wife, the unusually slender, long-limbed Tanaquil LeClercq, Balanchine turned his talents from the classical measures he most often created for Tallchief to some wonderfully humorous ballets (*Bourrée Fantasque*, to music of Chabrier, or the dance hall girl measures in *Western Symphony*, with a score by Hershy Kay) along with some strikingly avant-garde works (*Ivesiana* and *Opus 34* among them).

Miss LeClercq's career was cut short by a paralyzing attack of polio. Balanchine never married again, but he has found choreographic inspiration in other female dancers in his company—among them, Allegra Kent, Suzanne Farrell, Gelsey Kirkland (who left to join the American Ballet Theatre), Patricia McBride, one of the NYCB's most popular principal dancers, and most recently Merrill Ashley.

Throughout his career, Balanchine has shown little interest in creating for the male dancer; his first two successes, *Prodigal* and *Apollo*, were centered around the male, but the star was Serge Lifar, at that time Diaghilev's favorite. He has, however, presided over the careers of two of America's major male dancers, Jacques d'Amboise and Edward Villella, and also the Danish-born and -trained Peter Martins, a principal dancer with the NYCB. In 1978 Balanchine surprised everyone by permitting Mikhail Baryshnikov, to join his company.

It was while Tallchief was still with the NYCB that Balanchine's growing opposition to the star system, to the cult of the individual, went into high gear. At first, he did away with billing Tallchief and Eglevsky as the stars with the listing of other dancers by ranks and instituted an alphabetical roster.

Soon Miss Tallchief, subjected to casting as if she were a minor member of the company, left, saying that although she had reluctantly accepted alphabetical listing, she would "not be treated alphabetically." Eglevsky departed when the alphabet system was announced. At this time, Balanchine told me that he preferred properly trained, accomplished student dancers to stars. He believed the ballerina developed personal idiosyncrasies that tended to distort choreography. More and more he was seeking for dancers' anonymity as his ballets more and more stressed unromantic, non-dramatic, impersonal movements. Even the accents of some of his established ballets changed. The air of unspoken romance and dramatic urgency in *Serenade* faded; *Ballet Imperial* (1941), a tribute to Petipa and, in part, a portrait of the elegance of the ballerina, became *Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2* in 1973, a tribute to Tchaikovsky; and the *Sylvia Pas de Deux*, once a showpiece for two virtuosos, was redone to become part of an ensemble piece called *Pas de Deux and Divertissement*. Balanchine dancers were gradually being molded into Balanchine instruments for his bal-

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lets of "music visualization."

As pure dance masterpieces rolled forth, he did not abjure wholly the dramatic and romantic side of ballet. In 1954, he staged *The Nutcracker*; its instant success was so great that almost every American ballet company, large or small, gives its version of *"Nuts"* to sold-out houses at Christmastime.

Balanchine has also turned to romance and drama in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Don Quixote*, both program-long ballets, but more typical of his genius in his later period is his three-act *Jewels*, the first full-length abstract ballet.

In his School of American Ballet and in the NYCB itself, Balanchine has demanded that his female dancers be very young and very slim. They must have very high leg extensions and must be capable of moving very fast. In the 1930s a hip-high leg extension (or perhaps slightly more) was acceptable; Balanchine legs go ear-high. In the old ballets, dancers took preparations on stage for multiple turns or leaps or other rushes of physical prowess. Balanchine permits no preparations and, like the style of Denmark's 19th-century August Bournonville, with which St. Petersburg ballet once enjoyed a link, dancers move swiftly from point to point.

Through the Ford Foundation grants administered by SAB, the presence of Balanchine ballets in repertories from coast to coast, all-Balanchine programs produced on the Public Broadcasting Service's *Dance in America* series, and the impact of SAB graduates and NYCB alumni as members of professional and regional ballets throughout the nation, the influence of Balanchine on the whole of American dance has become formidable. To some he is the god of ballet. To others, he is a danger.

Balanchine and his American Ballet were resident choreographer and company at the Metropolitan Opera for the tempestuous and unhappy years of 1935–1938. At that time, John Martin, dance critic of the *New York Times*, described it thus: "There appeared to be no blood at all in the anemic aesthetics of Balanchine." (Subsequently Martin became an ardent supporter of Balanchine.) In 1948, Margaret Lloyd, dance critic of the *Christian Science Monitor*, wrote, "Balanchine is not apparently concerned with human values. He does not use movement but *pas* and *enchaînements*. He is a Euclidian choreographer, winding his unit automatons into seemingly inextricable entanglements of arms and legs....He is mainly a technical engineer leaving out the heart and soul of the matter."

But across the seas, Britain's ballet mistress Peggy Van Praagh and Peter Brinson, dance critic, wrote, "Balanchine has been the most potent of all

STEVEN CARAS

Stars and Stripes, *a salute to America's exuberant physicality.*

influences upon American choreography; he made this ballet of 'pure' dancing so much his genre and the genre of the American companies he has guided that it is recognized today internationally as an American contribution to choreographic art." Haskell later said, "New York has become the center of the ballet world; every foreign company visits, but few can match the choreographic output and genius of Balanchine." But Haskell continued with respectful reservations:

> At times his dancers, brilliant as they were, seemed to subdue their personalities and subordinate themselves too completely to Balanchine and the music. This sounds a ridiculous complaint, since surely that is exactly what dancers should do. I agree, to some extent, but the dancer is after all an individual and not a machine.

Thirty years ago, Balanchine himself said, "Whether the ballet has a story, like *Baiser de la Fée*, or more like *Danses Concertantes*, the controlling image for me comes from the music." *Baiser*, a story ballet, was first done in 1937. It served as ballet for such stars as Danilova, Slavenska, and Tallchief, for Franklin and Eglevsky. In 1972, Balanchine re-created it as a divertissement. The most startling alterations of one of his ballets occurred this year when Balanchine cut out the prologue of his *Apollo*, the initial scene in which the celestial babe becomes a child, a godling, and the final scene in which, as a god, Apollo leads the muses toward heaven. To many, this was the emasculation of a masterpiece.

Balanchine, over the years, has changed his ballets as he himself has changed and grown older. Criticized for the increasing dehumanization and coldness of many of his ballets, he has said, "Some like it hot and some like it cold. I like ice cream." And, he told me as far back as 1960, "Look at our world. It exists in time and space. The same is true of dance. The proportion of movement to the time of the music is what makes choreography." There is nothing in this definition related to Martha Graham's dancing creed that her choreographic function is "to give substance to things felt" and "to reveal the inner man, the interior landscape."

Two centuries ago, Jean George Noverre, the greatest ballet master of his day, innovator and reformer, wrote in his remarkable book, the bible of the ballet, *Letters on Dancing and Ballets* (*Lettres sur la Danse et sur les Ballets*, published in Stuttgart and Lyon in 1760):

> Dancing, according to the accepted definition of the word, is the art of composing steps with graceful precision and facility to the time and bars given in the music, just as music is simply the art of combining sounds and modulations so that they afford pleasure to the ear. But the gifted musician does not confine himself to so limited a circle, and the distance he traverses beyond is much greater than the circle itself. He studies the character and accents of the passions and expresses them in his compositions. On the other hand, the *maître de ballet*, striking out beyond the customary limits of his art, seeks in these same passions their characteristic movement and gestures.

Noverre, in these words, might have criticized a lack in Balanchine but, on the other hand, Noverre might well have lauded his successor since he also said:

> The ages always produce some rare men who, taking nature as their model and genius as their guide, raise themselves to perfection with one bold flight by virtue of their own wings!

Genius, then, abides by its own visions, its own standards. English critic Richard Buckle has said of Balanchine ballets, "I came to think that they represented the highest form of ballet, hatched out of the centuries-old egg of classicism by a man of genius. They were to the old three-act ballets as a sonnet to a 19th-century novel." Today, the *New York Times*'s dance critic, Anna Kisselgoff, says, "More than anyone, he has raised choreography in ballet to an

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independent art."

The Bolshoi's Yuri Grigorovich comes from the same ballet tradition that produced Balanchine—the Maryinsky (now the Kirov) school in Leningrad. Grigorovich, as a choreographer and pedagogue, is as powerful in the USSR as Balanchine is in the United States. But they are diametrically different in their approaches to dance. Grigorovich, in a long conversation about Balanchine (and himself) told me of his thoughts on those differences. Of Balanchine he said, "He is the originator of a new genre that I would call philharmonic ballet. He has no equal and no rival in this genre. But I would go a different way. A composer may write for the theater as well as for the symphony—these are different approaches—and perhaps it would be too severe to say that Balanchine's approach is a denial of theater. Yet with him there is no designer, no literature, no dramaturgy. What he does is pure. That is his viewpoint and I consider him a very great artist, but what is good for him may not be right for others."

Balanchine has carried the genre of the music-ballet, or "philharmonic" ballet, to its creative zenith. His insistence upon having a first-rate ballet school *before* establishing a ballet company has taught Americans an invaluable lesson in both pedagogy and creativity. His brilliant proof, manifested in many of his ballets, that elaborate decor, sumptuous costumes, and complex plot are not essential to either the aesthetics or the popularity of ballet, has given the choreographer greater stature in the world of art.

Finally, his choreographic genius has extended the vocabulary of ballet movements and patterns far beyond the size and eloquence of that dancing vocabulary bequeathed to him by Petipa and, collaterally, by Bournonville. With this extension, he has created new challenges, new opportunities for dancers.

All this and more he has contributed to the American dance scene and to the whole world of ballet. Others have contributed equal helpings of dance genius—among them his American predecessors, Isadora Duncan, Ted Shawn, Ruth St. Denis, and his modern dance colleague, Martha Graham. Monumental dance accomplishments have also flowed from his contemporaries, among them England's Sir Frederick Ashton, John Cranko of Stuttgart (where Noverre said it all two hundred years ago), and his own colleague within the NYCB, Jerome Robbins. Therefore, in 1979, we should celebrate George Balanchine, but not deify him. In celebrating him, it is inarguable that the most important words uttered in this century with respect to American ballet were those spoken by Kirstein to Balanchine, "Will you come to America?" ◉

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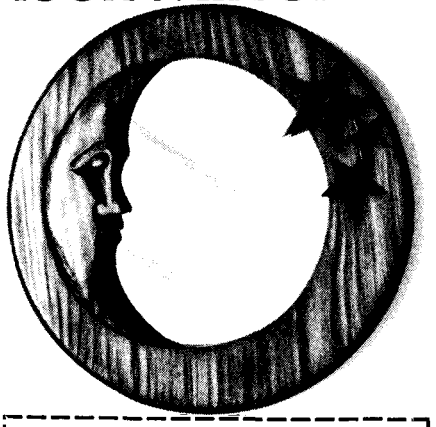

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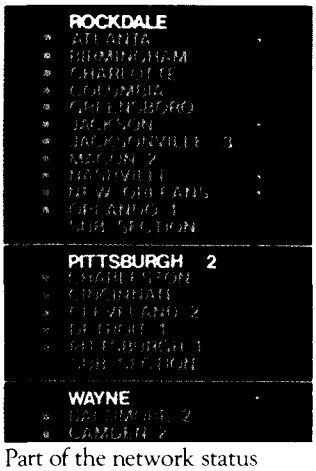

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Provincialism on the Podium

THE FIRST YEAR of the 1980s may or may not bring a new president to the White House, but it will, for certain, see a new incumbent in a high artistic post that has had a lot less changes over seven decades. After all those years in which the direction of the great Philadelphia Orchestra has been in the hands of only two men (Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy), it will pass to Riccardo Muti. This move is somewhat like elevating a parish priest to the papacy.

For those otherwise unacquainted with Muti—whose number must be legion—he may be described as young, blackhaired, and energetic, a native of Naples, and a winner, in 1967, of a conducting competition held in the name of the late Guido Cantelli. As in the case of fellow Italian Claudio Abbado (at 46, eight years older than Muti), he has been made much of by his countrymen.

After winning the Dimitri Mitropoulus Competition in 1963, Abbado's aptitude for opera brought him rapid recognition in Italy, and he has been, since 1977, artistic director of La Scala. Shortly after his "win," Muti was appointed conductor of the Teatro Communale in Florence and also of its Maggio Musicale, a position which he will continue to hold.

Muti has been guest-conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra at home and in its Carnegie Hall concerts since 1972. I would describe his work as technically competent, and artistically undistinguished. He has had an orchestra which, even if I were the conductor, could hardly play other than beautifully.

Nothing I have heard from Muti, either live or on recordings, reflects an overwhelming reason for this choice. He does have a recording contract with Angel, and is clearly its odds-on choice for a "big" career. This is obvious. What is not obvious is why the Philadelphia Orchestra's board of directors should abet such a program.

The choice of Muti reflects provincialism in an all-too-aggravated form. Provincialism, to put it briefly, can take two shapes: favoritism to friends and neighbors, or exclusion against them, on behalf of foreigners. Musically speaking, we've had too much of the latter.

Exxon has put itself (and much money) out to promote young conductors by giving them opportunities to work with, and learn from, music directors of

REG WILSON/ANGEL EMI

Muti's work is artistically undistinguished.

major American orchestras. But the discouraging fact is that when such jobs fall open, the attitude of their boards of directors is "Americans need not apply."

I refer to the choice of Muti in Philadelphia as an aggravated form of provincialism for one simple reason. The great orchestra of that city is as good as any in the world, and Muti is not as good as the orchestra deserves. To take a European for that position suggests that he is unapproachably good...a Colin Davis, a Daniel Barenboim, a Bernard Haitink. Muti does not approach that level as nearly as several Americans.

This decision is an all too unfortunate example for orchestras elsewhere. In recent months, three other positions as music directors of American orchestras have been filled. I am not an inordinate flag waver—red, white, and blue, or otherwise—but the sad fact is that in all three cities boards of directors have chosen foreigners over Americans.

In Minneapolis, the Minnesota orchestra position has gone, after 20 years of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski—a nice, middle-of-the-road talent—to the English Neville Marriner. He is well-known and properly admired as a conductor of the chamber orchestra repertory. The same could be said of Dennis Russell Davies, of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. But the bigger job has gone to the gentleman from abroad.

In Cincinnati, after two ventures with American conductors (Thor Johnson, who was unsuccessful, and Thomas Schippers, who was eminently successful, but short-lived), favor has been bestowed on Dresden-born Michael Gielen. He is so well-known to the local orchestra and audience that he has *not* yet appeared in Cincinnati's Music Hall, but he will appear briefly in November of this year. His marks after an appearance with the New York Philharmonic last year were only passable.

In Denver, the orchestra's sponsors have looked so far and so thoroughly that they have invited an Italian, Gaetano Derogu. If the name means nothing to you, neither does it to me.

Dallas has made a wise choice in Eduardo Mata, of Mexico. Mata looks like the most promising newcomer of all.

In St. Louis, the decision—and much merited—has been made to promote Leonard Slatkin, formerly assistant to Jerzy Semkow. Slatkin's acceptance in St. Louis may be construed as a welcome break in a line separating one group of American orchestras from others. Kenneth Schermerhorn in Milwaukee, Maurice Peress in Kansas City, Michael Tilson Thomas and now Julius Rudel in Buffalo, the greatly talented John Nelson in Indianapolis, and the long-experienced Robert Shaw in Atlanta have high achievements to their credit. Were they seriously considered in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, or Cincinnati?

I recall a conversation I had after the death of the beloved Eduard van Beinum, conductor of Holland's famous Concertgebouw Orchestra. Would a certain other well-known Dutch conductor be considered in his place, I asked an informed Hollander. He answered: "Oh no. He's good enough for The Hague, but not for Amsterdam."

As for those who might have wondered why I have omitted Lorin Maazel of Cleveland and André Previn of Pittsburgh from this survey, a thin but clear line of separation prevails. Both have become American citizens, but both spent long years abroad. Thus they acquired that European patina for which orchestral search committees all too clearly are looking.

The presence of younger Americans in posts of prominence in Rochester (David Zinman) and Syracuse (Christopher Keene), New York; Oakland (Calvin Simmons), California; and Newark (Thomas Michalak), New Jersey, is much to the good. Perhaps Exxon should spend some of its money educating boards of directors rather than aspiring conductors.

—Irving Kolodin

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Our Sometime Intellectual Superman

A NEW YORK revival of Arthur Miller's *The Price* only aggravated my sense of loss and bewilderment about this great living playwright. When first produced on Broadway in 1968, this drama received good notices and enjoyed a successful run, but it was a mediocre work. Miller was drained; he had nothing new to say. The play was a self-imitation.

But long before he wrote *The Price*—perhaps even 20 years before—Arthur Miller had lost the artistic energy he'd had. In 1955 he was at the peak of his career, with two masterworks already under his belt—*Death of a Salesman* (1949) and *The Crucible* (1953). His new *A View From the Bridge* was nearly in their class. These three powerful plays were human in scale yet larger than life because they were written with no small sense of poetry, and carried grand moral weight. Without doubt, Arthur Miller was the conscience of the American theater. *Salesman* established that. Its validity as a great American tragedy—perhaps *the* American tragedy—is beyond question.

The Crucible was inspired by the witch-hunting McCarthy era and, coupled with Miller's own courageous, indignant appearance in Congress before the House Un-American Activities Committee, it made him the moral leader who refused to bow to political clods. In a way, like Clark Kent, Miller was an intellectual Superman; he was one of the first American artists to become a national hero.

As a work of drama, *The Crucible* has symmetry and passion, and as a work of righteousness it has a rare and regal stature. Both it and *Death of a Salesman* will be performed as long as there are stages. So will *A View From the Bridge*. Miller risked pretension in modeling that one-act play on Greek tragedy, but it seems to me that either you take yourself seriously enough to dare embarrassment or you will never be serious at all. At worst you will fall on your face, and at the time Miller was too confident to worry about that.

Almost 10 years were to pass between *A View From the Bridge* and *After the Fall*. Why? Perhaps the events of his life had themselves become the stuff of the stage. He had married not merely a movie star but the legendary Marilyn Monroe. She sat at his side as he testified before Congress: the Hollywood sex

INGE MORATH/MAGNUM

Arthur Miller—We can't afford to let this moral leader languish.

symbol and the New York intellectual. He wrote a film script for her (*The Misfits*), but he did not write plays. Was this *The Blue Angel* all over again?

Much happened in Miller's life during the interim. He and Monroe were divorced. She committed suicide. Then, in 1964, *After the Fall,* his first play in a decade, was to inaugurate the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, and the press was treating it as a Second Coming. But Miller's new work was not so grandly received in artistic circles. Dead, Marilyn Monroe had become the intelligentsia's darling. *After the Fall* was accused of being sensationalist and tasteless. In it, they claimed the playwright revealed too much of the Miller-Monroe private life, and was unfair in his version of the story. These charges were perhaps not unfounded, but they ignored the greater matter of the play's quality. Miller, as person and as symbol, was being blamed for Monroe's death, and *After the Fall* was used for target practice. The reviews were good in the popular press, but the literary press was mean.

Monroe was just the start. Miller reminded too many intellectuals of their weaknesses, too many fashion arbiters of their unfashionable pasts. Everything that he represented, from liberalism to cultural polish itself, had by that time gone out of style.

It was against this background that *The Price* opened on Broadway in 1968. Arthur Miller was still a major American playwright, but only to the public. I believe that with this play he deliberately set out to appeal to them—the average theatergoers he knew to be faithful admirers.

The Price is set in a condemned building to which two grown brothers return after their father's death to sell their family belongings. An old man named Solomon, a used-furniture dealer, has come to put a price on the stuff. The brothers, one a policeman and the other a physician, have not spoken in 16 years. The policeman blames the doctor for his frustrated life. During the play, the truth behind that and other family secrets is revealed.

This type of play was popular many years ago: the naturalistic drama with symbols ("prices," or what we pay, for "furniture," meaning the past). Yet, though Miller was an admirer of such Ibsenist drama, it had never been his own style. *Death of a Salesman* is fantastical, with oversized characters and a cubist time structure; *The Crucible* is a period piece with a classical style; *A View From the Bridge* resembles Greek tragedy; and *After the Fall* is Expressionistic. *The Price,* then, was peculiar in using a style that Miller considered too old-fashioned long ago. So anxious was he to please.

Well he did please. *The Price* was a 425-performance hit and the character of Solomon gave Miller his first taste of comedy. To an applause-hungry writer, as to anyone in the theater, nothing is so satisfying as an audience's laughter. The laughter made Miller think himself funny enough to write an outright comedy. He wasn't. *The Creation of the World (and Other Business)* ran a fast 20 performances in 1972 and was the author's first flop. He's done nothing for the theater since then.

The revival of *The Price* has proved very popular. Whatever the play's faults, audiences still want Miller.

At a mere 64 he can thrive again with new, inventive, thoughtful, muscular work. Intellectualism is never out of style. Our stage has not had any moral leaders since his peak years. No theater can afford the loss of an Arthur Miller.

—Martin Gottfried

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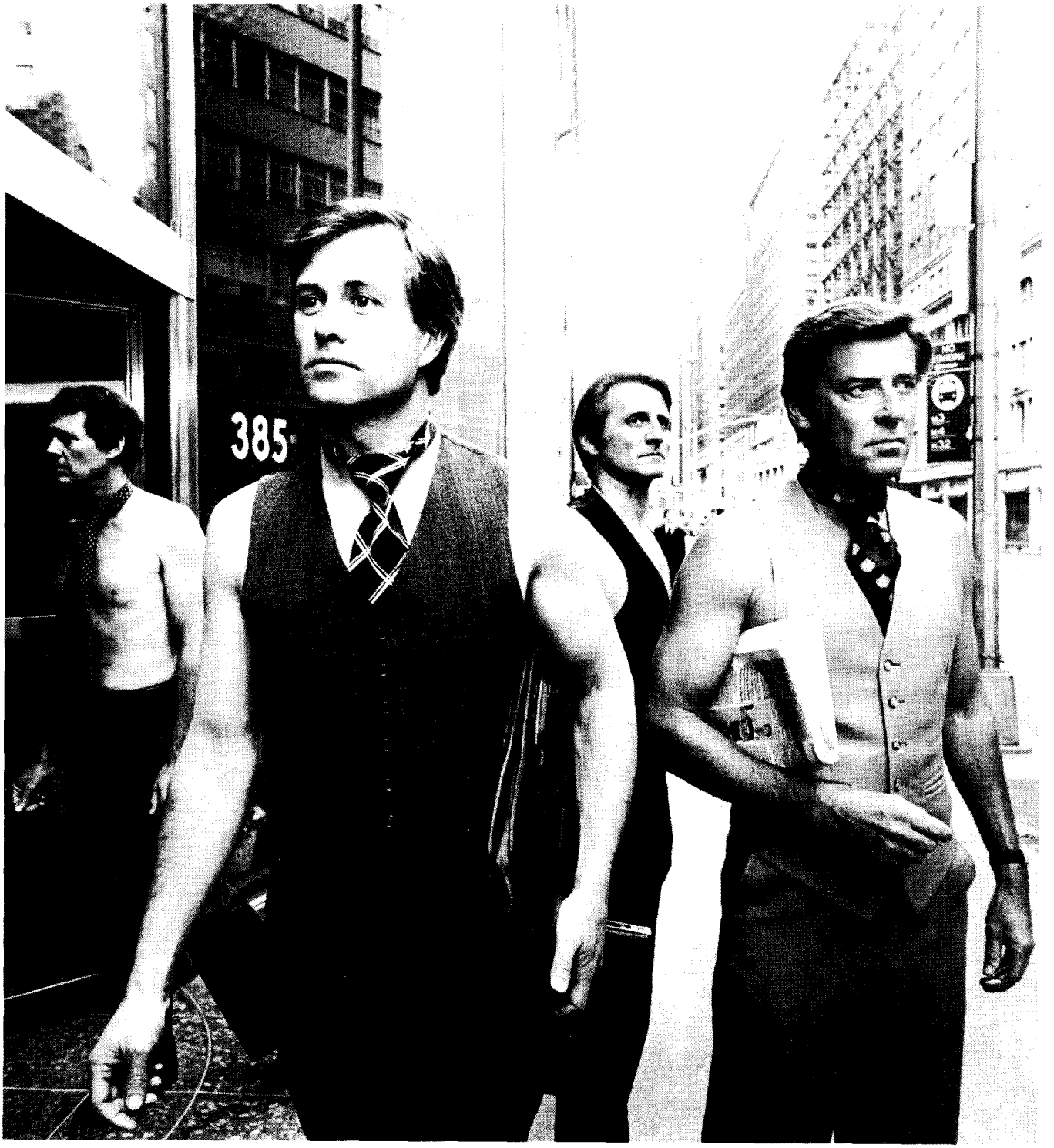

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Your Money's Worth

by Ted Morgan

The Day the Bubble Burst: A Social History of the Wall Street Crash of 1929
by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts
Doubleday, 504 pp., $14.95

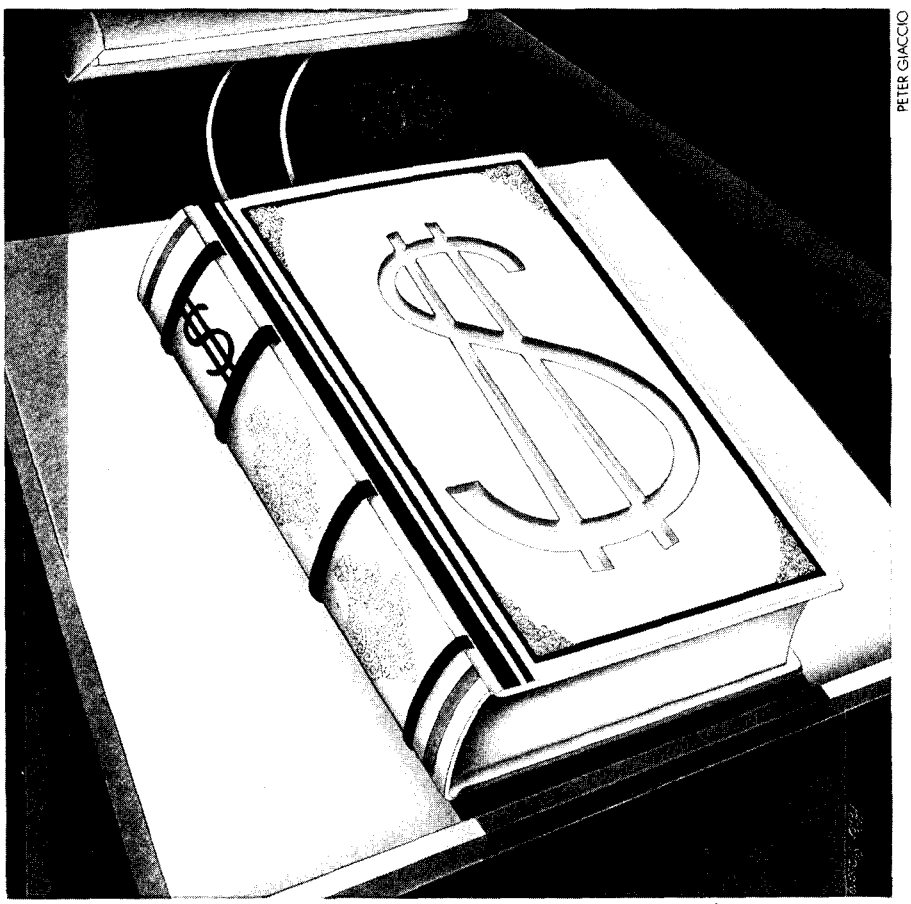
1929
by Warren Sloat
Macmillan, 448 pp., $14.95

Everyone's Money Book
by Jane Bryant Quinn
Delacorte, 896 pp., $14.95

Sylvia Porter's New Money Book for the 80's
by Sylvia Porter
Doubleday, 1081 pp., $19.95

Your Money, How to Make It Work Harder Than You Do
by Richard Phalon
St. Martin's, 317 pp., $8.95

How to Lose $100,000,000 and Other Valuable Advice
by Royal Little
Little, Brown, 334 pp., $12.95



PETER GIACCIO

PARTLY BECAUSE this October will mark the 50th anniversary of the 1929 stock-market Crash, and partly because of alarm and frustration over the disappearing dollar, there bobs on the tide of fall publishing bright sails swollen by favorable winds, a flotilla of books about money. How to get it, keep it, and make it grow—and how to lose it, as if anyone needed help in that department; how to beat inflation and how to live with inflation; how to minimize investment risk without sacrificing potential reward, a promise of the "eat more and stay thin" variety.

The assumption of all these books is that ours is a money-obsessed society, and that we are all (even though in debt) potential customers for the latest manuals on how to get rich on cocoa futures and Florida swampland, by authors who, had they practiced what they preached, would not have to write for a living.

When a publisher affirms that the word "money" in a title is a fail-safe device, one wonders about our naive faith in how-to books. We really believe that a book on tennis will improve our game, that copying Dr. Comfort's bedroom acrobatics will make our sex life more thrilling, and that we can make a killing in real estate by following the author's formula in 10 easy steps.

Another kind of money book, not the get-rich-quick manual, but the encyclopedic tome that tells you everything from how to balance your checkbook to how to draw up your will, has become a standard reference work in American homes, to be kept on the same shelf as *The Joy of Cooking* and your Dr. Spock.

There is nothing shameful about our rising interest in books about money. In fact, we ought to congratulate ourselves that ours is the first society where an understanding of money has not been closely held. Jane Bryant Quinn's encyclopedia is cleverly titled *Everyone's Money Book* because it is assumed that everyone needs to know about estate planning and tax shelters. This sort of information, once restricted to the upper crust, is now filtering down to the masses.

America is, after all, the only country that once based its vision of life on the making of money. Let business do its job, it was believed, and everything would be all right, for business filled human needs and spread the wealth. The bigger the business, the bigger would be the

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benefits to mankind. Business was humanitarian and went hand in hand with Christianity, for both required virtue and a sense of duty. Business success was also proof of compliance with natural laws. The American beauty rose, like the great trusts, was the result of pruning all but the hardiest buds. If business was allowed to operate according to market forces, everything else would fall into place. "Big business does not lend itself readily to dishonesty and crookedness," commented Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric in 1929.

Such hypocrisy could not endure. The very men who spoke in these terms, like J.D. Rockefeller, kept their labor force in misery, fixed elections, owned the schools and churches in the company towns, and had their hired thugs pistol-whip union organizers. It took the crash of '29 and subsequent developments to teach us that bigger business leads to bigger dishonesty and crookedness.

Which is why 1929 is as important a date in American social history as that of Queen Victoria's death is for England. It is a hinge date, announcing the end of one era and the start of another, in this case the end of unregulated capitalism, the end of the doctrine that economic justice would come about through the wisdom of captains of industry.

Of the two recent books that deal with the Crash, *The Day the Bubble Burst* arrives with the most fanfare, having been sold to television and the movies. The authors amassed 14.5 million words of previously published and unpublished material, interviewed 161 persons, corresponded with 78, and benefited from the services of 36 researchers and eight stenographers. From this great pile of material, they have managed to produce a monumental bore.

Hastily written, muddled, and irrelevant, *The Day the Bubble Burst* is commodity publishing at its worst, cooked up with the viewer rather than the reader in mind. The "You Are There" method ("Until he discovered Pat Bologna's shoeshine stand at 60 Wall Street, Charlton MacVeagh had a problem") sometimes worked in the hands of Cornelius Ryan or Collins and Lapierre, but all that Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts are capable of is submerging the reader in trivia. They subscribe to the belief that all facts are equally interesting, and their book reminds one of those paintings by primitive artists who ignore perspective, and clutter their canvases with tiny figures who seem to be stepping over one another.

In more than 400 pages, only one paragraph attempts to explain the Crash: "America, the richest nation in the world, indeed the richest in all history ... was now paying the price for accepting too many get-rich-quick schemes, the damaging duels fought between bulls and bears, pool operations and manipulations, buying on overly slim margins securities of low and even fraudulent quality. The indecisive and sometimes misleading leadership from the business and political world had contributed to the nationwide stampede to unload." This is about as illuminating as saying that World War I was caused by friction among the nations of Europe.

Instead of explaining what happened, the authors offer their own novel theory that "indirectly, the Crash paved the way for World War II." This is a textbook example of making one's material stand on its head. One of the three dozen researchers interviewed Albert Speer, who did not remember that Hitler had ever dwelled upon the Crash. But the authors, determined to forge a link between Hitler's rise and the events on Wall Street in 1929, add that "Hitler didn't have to; the result was there for any German to see." The result of reading *The Day the Bubble Burst* is to wonder what the Crash was all about.

The answer, or part of it, can be found in Warren Sloat's *1929*. Using as his centerpiece a party hosted by Henry Ford to honor Thomas Edison on the 50th anniversary of the electric lamp, Sloat brings to life the last year of an amazing boom period in a country convinced that a philosophy based on money could work.

Company presidents ran America, and truly believed that sound business practices and improved technology could cure social diseases and poverty and make war obsolete. "When motor cars cross boundaries freely and bring the people into contact with one another," said Henry Ford, "the strongest assurances of peace will be created." If there were areas that business could not reach, such as education for blacks, well, that would be taken care of by private philanthropy, which was the business of disposing worthily of one's wealth.

Whatever the companies made was good for you. With its ad, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet," the American Tobacco Company claimed that smoking promoted good health by keeping people slim. Damon Runyon, a celebrity who endorsed Luckies, died of throat cancer.

Then the market crashed, and some of the high-minded businessmen turned out to be fools, and others turned out to be swindlers. In the rubble of the Depression lay the flimsy stucco facades that had masked price-fixing, bribery, and other forms of corruption so intricate that federal agencies had to be formed to dig them out. The great corporations, like prehistoric animals unable to adapt to a change in climate, blithely maintained the old ways—General Electric continued during the Nazi era to conspire with Krupp to fix prices, eliminate competition, and pool patents

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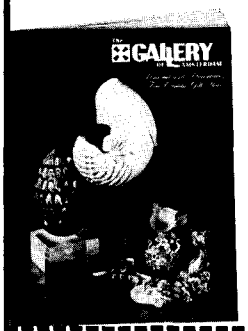

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in tungsten carbide. But after 1929, the businessman lost his badge of chivalry. Anyone complaining that American business is strangling from overregulation should read Sloat's cautionary tale about the way things were, not in some Central European duchy during the Dark Ages, but in America only 50 years ago.

Understanding the way things are today seems to require a chart to navigate the currents of hidden costs, add-on interest rates, and graduated mortgage payments. All these how-to-manage-your-money books cover much the same ground, although Richard Phalon's *Your Money: How to Make It Work Harder Than You Do*, is billed as a book on strategy rather than an encyclopedia. Its chief virtue is its conciseness—it can be read comfortably while waiting in line at the bank. Phalon doesn't try to be cute like Sylvia Porter, who coins words like "bafflegab" and "mingles" (unmarried couples who live together), and he doesn't, like Jane Bryant Quinn, tell you more than you need to know. His is probably a good book to keep around for those special days, like "the day I went into the commodities market," "the day I got a free saucepan for my $1,000 deposit," and "the day I was audited."

The encyclopedias, Sylvia Porter's two-volume *New Money Book for the 80's* and Jane Bryant Quinn's *Everyone's Money Book*, are as padded as a Washington lobbyist's expense account. Whatever happened, I wondered as I read Jane Bryant Quinn, to common sense? Do we really need a book to tell us that state laws vary governing wills, that cremation is cheaper than burial, and that one of the first questions people ask when looking at a used car is how many miles it has run? Does Quinn really need to instruct the reader to keep his safe deposit key in a drawer (why not on a chain around his neck?) and his mobile home on land of his own or in a mobile park? There is a great deal of inconsequential information in these 874 pages, and there is also plenty of useful advice. It is up to the reader to determine which is which.

Sylvia Porter is just as exhaustive, but she doesn't treat the reader like a mental deficient. Her emphasis is on how to save—on food (buy bacon "ends and pieces"), on clothing (buy seconds), on travel (take the bus), and on motherhood (have more than one baby, the second and third cost less than the first). She has a bargain-basement mentality; she's a coupon-redeemer, buys air conditioners in February and fur coats in August, and she knows how much meat a can of spaghetti with meatballs should contain (12 percent). Written in zippy prose, her book comes up with odd bits of information—that it's illegal for an interstate mover to ask for a tip—or how to trace an absentee father through the Washington-based Parent Locator Service. She and Quinn are both good at reminding people of their rights in their various capacities as workers, veterans, and retired persons.

As an antidote to the get-rich experts and money managers, we have Royal Little, whose field of expertise is how to lose money, though he's made more than he's lost. In *How to Lose $100,000,000 and Other Valuable Advice*, he dwells on his mistakes with masochistic candor. To his credit, he has apparently never made the same one twice, nor has he exhausted the different ways of getting taken. He invested in an oil drilling operation in Texas, which came up with lots of dry wells; he bought 4,000 head of Hereford cattle in the Nebraska sandhill region, where the topsoil was so thin that the wind created blow-outs, making the land resemble a golf-course bunker; he built a bowling alley that no one went to; he sank $2,000,000 into a Sam Snead All-American Golf Course that never got built. Despite these and other fiascos, Little has had a highly successful business career. He founded Textron, became known as the "father of conglomerates," and was inducted into the Business Hall of Fame. In writing this amusing book, he has found a way to turn his disastrous business ventures to profit and offers the reader this valuable bit of advice: "...One doesn't need an MBA from Harvard to lose $100,000,000." ◉

Dreams of Inertia

Burger's Daughter
by Nadine Gordimer
Viking, 368 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Anne Tyler

A FIRM SENSE of honor runs through Nadine Gordimer's writing. Her characters, who live on various levels of white South African society, sooner or later come to a point where they find themselves unable to ignore the injustices they witness. They do have to come to it, as a rule; they're not born to it. Generally they make the decision as young adults, at which time—placing their careers in jeopardy, shocking their hidebound families and friends—they risk losing all that has seemed most important.

In *Burger's Daughter*, Nadine Gordimer's seventh novel, the heroine is involved in radical politics almost from infancy. The daughter of dedicated Communists who eventually, in one way or another, sacrifice their lives for their beliefs in racial equality, Rosa Burger

HUGO CASSIRER

In Gordimer's precise writing a single, glittering facet illuminates the whole.

moves in a circle of people who would be shocked only by conservatism—or by inaction, which is the secret temptation that tugs this numbed and dreamy young woman.

It's not that she lacks sympathy for her parents' cause. She is genuinely concerned, fair-minded, conscientious. But she seems worn down by the rhetoric of revolution. Her personal life has been squeezed dry by her political life. Some central core—a conviction of self—appears to be missing. Oddly enough, it's exactly this flaw in her that makes the book come alive. *Burger's Daughter* is a prismatic novel; it gives us multiple views of a complex, uncertain person and of the complex cause that formed her. What could have been woodenly sanctimonious—the history of a woman accustomed to doing the right thing—becomes something far more absorbing.

According to the fawning tract written by a Party member, Rosa is a heroic little figure: "dry-eyed and composed ... an example to us all ...." But the South African police see her quite differently: "Her father's daughter; she might try anything, that one .... it is accepted that people like Lionel Burger don't hesitate to make their children adept at feints and lies from the time they're set on their feet." She may in fact be only what she appears to be as she waits in front of the prison for visiting hours to begin: a heavy-jawed girl with slightly blemished skin, chewing peanut brittle, one ear poking through a hank of unwashed hair.

She feels no need to please, we're told, just as "royalty never carries money." She can sound almost comically practical and unromantic, taking in stride the cloak-and-dagger aspects of her parents'

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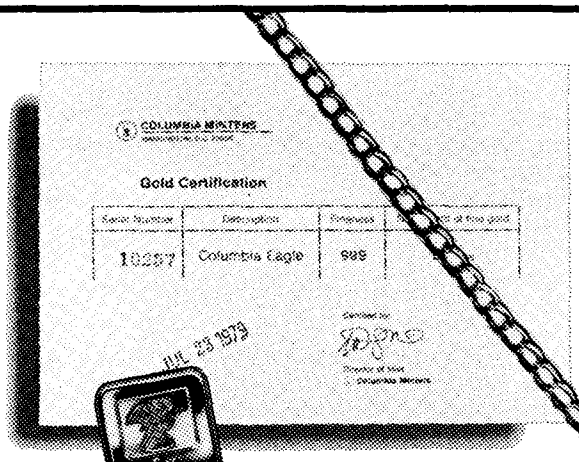

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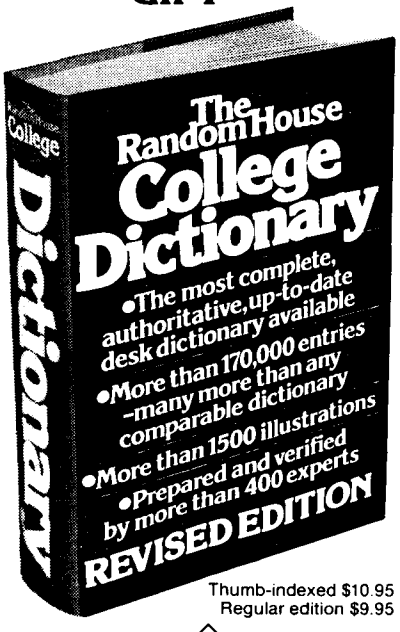
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world—the secret passwords, the constant expectation of arrest, the "plain-clothes men as familiar as tradesmen coming to the house since she was a child." But when her parents arrange for her to masquerade as a young prisoner's fiancée, in order to convey messages to him, she falls in love with him as easily as the most impressionable schoolgirl might. She slips through major crises with a somnambulist's calm; small, internal shifts of vision totally alter her life. (They alter anyone's life, for that matter, but Nadine Gordimer has always been especially skillful at showing us how.)

You can be drowned in the Burgers' world, as Rosa's little brother was drowned because he trusted in his father's swimming lessons. You can also be exasperated—by "revolutionary imperative, minority domination, liberation alliance, unity of the people, infiltration, incursion, viable agency for change, reformist option," all the catchphrases of political fervor. When *Burger's Daughter* sags (as it does on several occasions), it's because the irritations that chafe at Rosa chafe us as well; they're all too real, and we find ourselves skimming absently over Lionel Burger's long courtroom diatribe, and the history of his (and South Africa's) historical ups-and-downs, and the heated discussions between various activists. When *Burger's Daughter* revives, it's because Rosa Burger observes most of this with such a quizzical and tolerant eye. She has the curious elderliness that the children of radicals often exhibit; she seems wiser and more down-to-earth than her parents, if colder.

In Nadine Gordimer's writing, nothing is ordinary. She has a special reverence for the particular, for that one small, glittering facet that will cast light on the whole. She never slaps a generality on the page as a shortcut, a sort of "Well, *you* know what I mean." Every detail is crisp and specific, chosen with unerring precision—the easy, elliptical conversations between old comrades-in-arms, the chilling moment when all one's assumptions of righteousness seem trivial and pathetic, the silence that comes after people have been taken away to prisons or hospitals or graves.

Nadine Gordimer's description of Rosa's trip to France, in a last-ditch effort to swerve from the course of her life, is eerily beautiful. And most convincing of all (surely hardest to write, without falling to either side of that narrow line between the moving and the sentimental) are the nearly imperceptible steps that lead Rosa to arrive at her own point of decision: "I had met a woman in her nightdress wandering in the street ... a hamster turning her female treadmill. I remember every detail of that street, could walk it with my eyes shut. My sense of sorority was clear. Nothing can be avoided....No one can defect."

Anne Tyler's most recent novel is Earthly Possessions.

Tales His Father Told Him

The Duke of Deception: Memories of My Father
By Geoffrey Wolff
Random House, 275 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Tim O'Brien

ARTHUR (DUKE) WOLFF was a gentleman. Well-bred, a man of elegance, he surrounded himself with expensive and tasteful objects—"deceptively simple fabrications of silver and burnished nickel, of brushed Swedish stainless, of silk and soft wool and brown leather." He was especially drawn to deluxe hotels and fast cars and walking sticks. Though properly reticent, Duke Wolff could sometimes be persuaded, with gentle coaxing, to speak about his impeccable schooling at Groton and Yale and the Sorbonne, his years as a test pilot, his service in England as a fighter pilot with the RAF, his subsequent transfer to the OSS, his parachute drops behind enemy lines during World War II, his dangerous stint with the Yugoslav partisans, his exploits as a sapper with the resistance.

"A pretty history for an American clubman," writes Duke's son, Geoffrey. "Its fault is that it was not true."

No Groton, no Yale, no Sorbonne, no RAF fighter piloting, no OSS parachute drops, no behind-the-lines service with either the Yugoslav or the French resistance.

What *was* he then? His son tells us: "His sustaining line of work till shortly before he died was as a confidence man."

True, but Duke was not only a con artist. He was also a father—a loving one—and his son's book is more than a chronicle of the old man's scams and deceits; it is the story of an intense relationship between father and son. This theme is one of literature's oldest and richest lodes—Geoffrey Wolff himself has mined it before, in a novel titled *Bad Debts*—but in this book, which is part biography and part autobiography, he shows there is plenty more gold down there. *The Duke of Deception* is tender, sad, witty, illuminating, and always moving.

All fathers keep secrets from their sons, and all sons must harbor deep ambivalences about their fathers.

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Rarely, though, are these tendencies so acute as in the case of Duke and Geoffrey Wolff. While demanding absolute honesty of his son, Duke practiced the most flagrant deceit both as a way of life and a means of livelihood. He even conned his own son, charging a new wardrobe—naturally a high-class one—to Geoffrey's account. He sold his second wife's silver; he borrowed money from virtually everyone and paid back virtually no one; he skipped out on the rent; he was forever pursuing pipe-dreams under assumed, and always elaborate, identities.

Each of us, of course, must sooner or later whittle down those bigger-than-life images of our parents that are formed in childhood; each of us must match the realities, as perceived through a growing maturity, against the fairy-tale versions of our youth. It is built into the system. In this sense, then, each of us has experienced the feeling of having been deceived by a father or mother or older brother. And this is what gives Geoffrey Wolff's story, with its extreme litany of deception followed by eroding fatherly images, such power and universal truth. *The Duke of Deception* awakens us to our own emotions, enlivens our own memories, and compels us to examine our own familial histories.

Why, though, did Duke Wolff engage in such ostentatious and sometimes tawdry deception? His son offers no single solution. Partly, perhaps, Duke's pattern of falsehood began in the well-to-do social circles of Hartford, Connecticut, where "exclusion and discrimination" were rampant. "My father was a Jew," Geoffrey Wolff writes. "This did not seem to him a good idea, and so it was his notion to disassemble his history, begin at zero, and re-create himself." Having witnessed the effects of prejudice, Duke Wolff may have lied in order to give the world what it wanted—a proper Gentile lineage, proper schooling, proper war record. Or perhaps he engaged in deception because it so often *worked*. "There was something about him, what he wanted he got. Salesmen loved him, he was the highest evolution of consumer.... As for debts, they didn't bother him at all."

For a time, such consummate panache worked wonders. With the help of a flamboyantly fictitious resumé Duke found work as an aeronautical engineer, and despite his lack of any formal training, he moved up the ladder in the aircraft industry, at times assuming positions of incredible responsibility. Now and then he was fired—for arrogance or idleness or insubordination, his son says, but never for incompetence—and this kept the Wolff family on the move. Debts accumulated. Respectable jobs were increasingly hard

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to find. Duke was absent from his family for long stretches at a time. All this produced predictably sad results in his son: loneliness, restlessness, a penchant for mischief, poor grades in school.

Though a difficult father, Duke was also kind and generous. Frequently he presented his son with gifts (not always paid for) and with financial assistance (sometimes in the form of IOUs); he was strict and supportive; he was always ready with sound, if somewhat ironic, advice: "Choose friends with care, don't boast or lie.... Neither a borrower nor a lender be...."

The Duke of Deception traces a son's attempt to find his father, to strip away the camouflage that hides not only Duke Wolff but all fathers. At times funny, at times sad, the book avoids false sentiment. It is straight and tough and unrelenting in its pursuit of truth. It is also, finally, a book of love. "The things he told me were the right things to tell a son, usually, and by the time I understood their source in mendacity they had done what good they could. I had been estranged from my father by my apprehension of other people's opinions of him, and by a compulsion to be free of his chaos and destructions. I had forgotten I loved him, mostly, and mostly now I missed him. I miss him."

Late in life, Duke Wolff lived far from his son—across a continent, in prison, in cheap rooming houses—and the son, unwilling and unable to put up with more, preferred it that way. Geoffrey Wolff was by then, as he is today, a successful novelist and book critic, a married man raising his own family, and he did not so much repudiate his father as try to make space for his own life. Wolff is, perhaps, too hard on himself when he writes, "I was becoming handy with repudiations of every kind, and learning to nurture anger solicitously. I had felt betrayed by my father, and wanted to betray him." True, he did not visit Duke during the final months of disintegration; true, he ignored appeals for help and once refused to bail his father out of jail; true, he was not present—nor was anyone—when Duke died poor and without friends on the last day of July 1970. But this book, in its honesty and lucidity, affirms the son's faithfulness to the father. It does not condescend, nor judge harshly, nor forgive gratuitously; it does not ignore the father's failings but neither does it wallow in them. Indeed, in many instances, Geoffrey Wolff celebrates his father's gutty audacity, his flair, his enormous capacity for the outlandish and outlawish.

Tim O'Brien is the author of Going After Cacciato.

Books in Brief

A Woman of the Future
by David Ireland
George Braziller, 351 pp., $10.95

AUSTRALIAN NOVELIST David Ireland has written a strange, disturbing, and ferociously funny novel in the form of diaries and notes left behind by 18-year-old Alethea Hunt before her escape from a harsh, surrealistic society. It is set in the future, in an Australia that bears certain uncomfortable resemblances to post-industrial societies of today, a "land where leaves fall unwillingly, but people are felled to the earth by the lightest of blows!"

There are two social classes. The Servants of Society run things, while the proles, having been "freed" from significant work, are run. At the end of the school years, a grading system admits a privileged few into the Serving Class. For the leftovers, "the trivial occupations of freedom are their whole life. They see the divisions of society, they see the success of others, they see their own failure; the seeing begins to interact with the seen, the eye with the object: aberrations blossom." Mr. Cowan, for one, polishes the coffin that emerges from his side, while Mrs. Cowan worries about their sex life. And Mario Julian is growing a girl.

Even the privileges of caste are hollow. Alethea is a child of the Serving Class, whose lives are as pointless as any prole's. Her father is an actor who has been dying onstage for years in an all-day play called *Changes*; her mother, a dreamy recluse who fills endless secret notebooks. Strong and bright, Alethea seems destined for some kind of greatness. In the meantime, she makes it to young womanhood by being smarter and braver and tougher than anyone else. At school, the children play savage games; after school, they have savage, joyless sex. But if Alethea is used by boys, she uses them in return.

Her perceptions are clear and her spirit indomitable. In a world of maiming brutality, Alethea still believes in the possibility of human dignity. She compares herself with Australia, a continent whose uninhabited, untouched center is like her own. "If the land could be opened!" she writes. "If the people could expand and flex brain and muscle ... break chains and ties."

Alethea's change, not grotesque but triumphant, has begun. Her new life lies in the dark center of Australia, "a continent of dreams ... a waiting continent." We hope that she, and others too, will bloom there.

Bursting with energy and ideas, *A Woman of the Future* is a stinging, original, and mercilessly rendered vision of a

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system in which social promises are as broken and useless as the people to whom they are made. More than the record of a personal odyssey, Alethea Hunt's diary is a song of protest and affirmation.

—JUDITH GIES

The Letter of the Law
by Katharine A. Davis Roome
Random House, 208 pp., $8.95

"I'M FRANTIC, we're all frantic, to be best," says Ixias Smith, the second-year law student who narrates this bitter and often funny first novel. Indeed, Ixias and her colleagues are so frantic that they will do nearly anything to avoid the horror of being second best: cheat on everything from examinations to squash court sign-up sheets; sabotage Xerox machines to impede the research of fellow students; and, in the case of Ixias herself, even seduce and blackmail a professor. What for? Ixias puts it succinctly: "Money, power, success, money, the envy of others, money, excitement, challenge, money. Mostly money."

It is hard to imagine that anyone, however avaricious, would want to attend law school after reading this novel. If Ixias is to be believed, law students spend their days pondering such problems as, "A seaman on a Mauritanian raft is unloading shrunken heads in a New York port and is injured.... His lawyer sues the Mauritanian raft owner under the Jones Act in a New York court. Which law would apply?" They spend their evenings in the library stacks, listening to the sound of hi-liters squeaking across thousands of pages. For fun, they hold dances in the law school cafeteria, where they drink cheap liquor at a bar lined with fake law-book bindings and entertain their dance partners with their views on the fact situation in *U.S. v. Wong Sun*. Fortunately, these students attend a thinly disguised version of Cornell, so they have at their disposal for the occasional suicide a conveniently located two-hundred-foot gorge, especially popular at exam time.

The Letter of the Law is clever, energetic, and even nastier than *The Paper Chase* and *One-L*, its predecessors in this ungracious genre. Like its characters, it might benefit from a somewhat less frantic style. Each building is an "edifice"; the school itself, which accepts one out of 25 applicants, is a "nigh impregnable fortress"; people do not just come into view, they appear "at the corner of the most westerly retina." The plot, too, is propelled along its serpentine course with a certain amount of strain. But the venial sin of excessive effort is pardonable, perhaps even inevitable, in a novel of this sort. After all, Katharine A. Davis Roome was once a law student herself.

—ANNE FADIMAN

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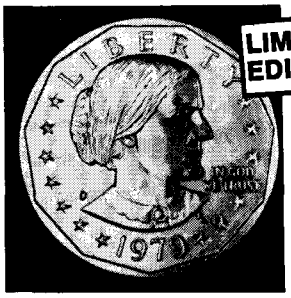

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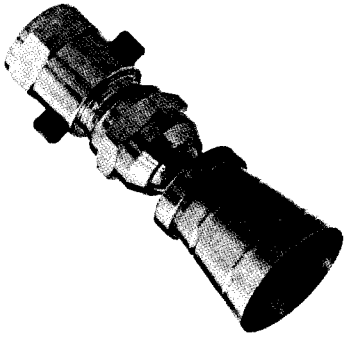
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

This issue of **Tools for Living** features energy-saving products that pay back their initial investment very quickly. In the course of our research, we also unearthed some energy-saving practices that may be new to you. Here, for free, are simple ways to help save money on energy this winter.

- Keep your radiators clean. Dust and flaking paint impede the flow of heat. If you repaint, flat paint radiates heat better than glossy.
- Roast foods slowly, at 275° or less. This saves cooking fuel, preserves nutrients in the food, and helps heat the house.
- Use bathroom, kitchen and other ventilating fans sparingly. In one hour a small fan can remove a houseful of warmed air.
- If you have oil heat, have a serviceman check to see that the firing rate of the furnace is correct. According to the Department of Energy, a recent survey found that 97% of furnaces checked were overfired. The service call may cost $25, but a properly tuned burner can save that much or more in fuel.
- Turning your hot water heater from 140° to 120° can save 18%.

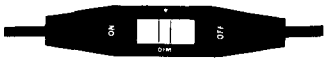
SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER

In 1977, Hamilton Township, N.J., had a tough problem. Its sewage treatment plant was operating at full capacity and enlarging it would take at least two years. The only apparent course of action was drastic: to stop all building and development for two years until more sewage treatment capacity became available. Then a township official heard about the SaverShower showerhead at a government conference. He and his colleagues tested the showerhead and ended up passing out 30,000 of them free to all residents of the township (well, not quite for free, since they were purchased with tax money). Almost immediately, water consumption in the township fell by 25%, reducing the sewage load by a like amount. There was no longer any need to impose a building moratorium. The SaverShower was able to effect this rather dramatic civic rescue because it reduces the flow of the average showerhead from 6 or 8 gpm (gallons per minute) to 2.3 gpm. Of course such a reduction is only a theoretical advantage unless people actually install and use the conservation showerhead. And that's what is so impressive about the Hamilton Township experience—people obviously found their own incentives for using the SaverShower. Two things seemed decisive. First, they still had a shower that felt like a shower. Naturally the force of



the water is not as full with the SaverShower (that's the point, after all), but by aerating and increasing the velocity of the water, it gives a tingly spray that is plenty strong enough to rinse soap out of your hair. Second, they could save an appreciable amount of money. Heating water is the second largest category of home energy use. If you cut water use, you are also cutting the amount of money spent to make water hot. The Department of Energy has figured that reducing shower flow from 8 gpm to 3 gpm will save the average family of four $150 a year. We contacted the manufacturer in Connecticut and are pleased to offer the SaverShower in the standard model for $10.25 (two for $19.00) postpaid (A-75) and in the deluxe model for $15.50 (two for $29.00) postpaid (A-76). The deluxe model has a push-button valve for turning off the spray temporarily (while you are soaping, for instance) without losing the hot/cold mix. In addition, we can also supply flow-limiting aerators for use in kitchen and bathroom sinks for $2.00 each postpaid (A-77). These aerators halve the water flow from a normal 4 gpm to 2 gpm without noticeably affecting efficiency. The manufacturer calculates that these aerators pay for themselves in about 55 minutes of hot water running time.

DIM LIGHTS ARE ECONOMICAL

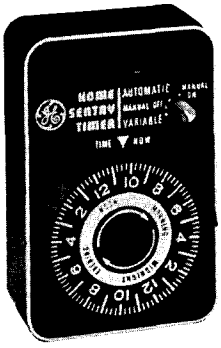


A reader in Hamel, Minn., has written to acquaint us with the virtues of a product manufactured in his area, a dimmer switch that clips easily onto standard lampcord. Since 16% of all electricity used in homes goes for lighting, and since Americans tend to overlight, there is a clear energy-saving potential here. Attached to a floor or table lamp, the dimmer switch allows you to keep the lamp at low itensity (about half wattage) until you need more light to read, sew or whatever. Essentially the dimmer offers the same advantage as a 3-way bulb (costs about the same, too) except that it doesn't wear out like a bulb will—the manufacturer claims that the dimmer actually extends the life of bulbs. The switch can be installed in about 2 minutes—no wire splicing is necessary. It fits any standard 18-gauge lampcord (90% of UL-approved cords are 18-gauge). We can send you these dimmer units for $3.25 each postpaid. Please specify white or brown. (A-72)

KEEPING VARIABLE TIMES

Timers are simple and convenient automatic control devices that allow you to regulate the use of lights and small appliances so they are only on at the times when they must be and off the rest of the time. They are one of the basic energy saving tools. Say, for example, that your family will be returning from a trip after dark. Do you leave the front porch light on all day (wasting energy and advertising your absence) or do you struggle blindly in the dark on your return to get the key into the door lock?

If you have a timing device, you simply set it for 15 minutes or so before your expected return, and *voila,* when you get home a light is on. Timers offer all sorts of similar conveniences: they can let you go to sleep with the stereo on and no worries about getting up later to turn it off, or they can have coffee waiting in the electric coffeemaker when you get up in the morning, or they can turn on the television to remind you of a program you want to see. Today one of the most



popular timer uses is for home security. There is a burglary every 11 seconds in this country. Since most burglaries occur while owners are away, timers can regulate lights, radios, etc. to make it appear that someone is at home. In looking for a reliable, inexpensive timer to offer, *Tools* has found a General Electric model that plugs directly into an outlet (the light or appliance is then plugged into the timer). What is special about this timer—especially considering the price—is that it is *variable.* It will perform all the standard tasks enumerated above. But for security purposes, when you are using it to turn lights on and off to simulate occupancy, this timer will vary the times somewhat day to day for as long a period as you are gone. The variable timer

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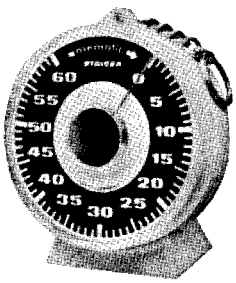
unit measures approximately 3″ by 4½″ and comes in either black or white. Each timer unit will regulate one light or appliance. We can mail these variable timers to you for $13.50 postpaid. (A-70)

PORTABLE COOK'S TIMER

Cooking by inspection wastes energy. Each time you open the oven door or lift a pot top to check food, heat escapes and consequently you use more gas or electricity replacing it. The Department of Energy, in fact, is recommending the use of kitchen timers as part of its overall energy conservation



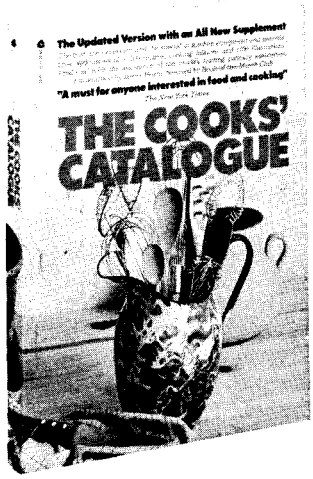
program. This 60-minute timer, imported from West Germany, is one of the most attractive we've seen. But its most distinctive feature is its portability. It has a cord for carrying with you (as well as a small removable countertop stand). Since timers are only useful so long as you are there to hear them, and since most of us don't live in the kitchen, the idea is long overdue. The timer is 2½″ in diameter, sturdily constructed of white plastic and steel with a transparent plastic faceplate that you dial to the appropriate setting. A reminder: like most timers, you need to turn the dial all the way to 60 minutes before setting it at the time period desired in order to wind the alarm ring fully. We can supply these timers for $15.00 plus 75¢ postage and handling. (A-71)

THE INSIDE STORY ON SPONGES

Do you know the main feature distinguishing a natural sponge from a synthetic one? It's not the shape, though it's true that you won't find natural sponges growing on the sea floor in careful geometrical array. It's not the color, though it's also true that sea sponges don't grow in the vibrant oranges, yellows, and whites preferred by sponge manufacturers. The main difference is that all the pores in a natural sponge connect. In a synthetic sponge, the pores are so many blind alleys leading nowhere. The results of this difference are that a natural sponge can hold much more water, it rinses out much more easily, and it dries much faster. With a cellulose sponge, the dirt tends to collect in the back of the pores, so that you are actually washing with a dirty sponge. With a natural sponge, the dirt and soap rinse out completely. *Tools* has located a supplier of natural sponges harvested in the Florida Keys. We are offering them in two sizes: the small size (5½″ diameter) $5.00 postpaid (A-73) and the extra-large size (9½″ diameter) $13.75 postpaid (A-74). The smaller size is ideal for kitchen or bathroom, the larger for heavy-duty or outdoor uses.

FEAST YOURSELF ON KITCHEN WARE

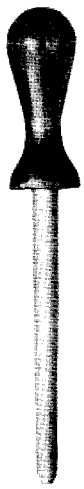
Frederick the Great made coffee using champagne instead of water and then livened the taste more by stirring in some powdered mustard. That historical tidbit is the merest morsel of an appetizer for a wonderful compilation called *The Cooks' Catalogue.* The main course of this feast of information are reviews (many with pictures) of over 4,000 kitchen utensils, everything from prosaic pots to the world's classiest clear-glass frying pan. Dessert comes in the form of 200 unusual recipes that provide for the properly creative employment of such marvelous hardware. Beautiful tools certainly enhance the pleasure of preparing a meal. They also improve the food's taste and presentability. This book is a treasure-trove of functional, durable, and well-designed kitchen ware from around the world. In it, you can find out why Brazilian rosewood makes the best knife handles. Or get the low-down on parsley choppers, butter curlers, truffle cutters, pie birds, goose-feather brushes, shrimp shellers and



birds' nest makers. Or marvel at the ultimate 118-quart stock pot, $125 corkscrew, $550 cheese grater, or $1,500 charcoal grill. This is not a mail-order catalog, but there is access information for the manufacturers, distributors, and importers who handle the items reviewed. *The Cooks' Catalogue* is edited by James Beard, Milton Glaser, and Burton Wolf. Originally published at $18, we can send you this 8½″ x 11″, 570 page softcover edition for $8.95 plus $1.30 postage and handling (it weighs almost 3 lbs!) (A-47)

ZIP-ZAP

Here's an item we spotted in *The Cook's Catalogue,* with a description so excellent we've copied it nearly verbatim: This odd-looking little gadget is easily worth many times its weight in conventional sharpening steels. The Zip-Zap is made of a special, very hard ceramic that is harder than any knife steel around (and the abrasive effectiveness in sharpening steels lies in the fact they are harder than the knife steel). It is designed so that, held between thumb and forefinger, it will automatically be at the correct angle -20—for sharpening. The motion you use with this device is the same as in traditional sharpening, but you hold the knife stationary and move the Zip-Zap across it diagonally (easier, especially with small knives). It's so convenient you can easily get into the habit of giving a knife a few strokes every time you pick the knife up. You will notice after using the Zip-Zap for a while that grayish steel filings may appear on the surface. Simply go over it with a soapy brush, rinse, and when it drys, it's ready to sharpen like new. $4.50 postpaid. (A-67)



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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Check In, Pep Up, Pass Out

SHERATON HOTELS

On the Paul Dudley White path, Charles River, Boston—"Businessmen are secret jocks."

WHEN THE Waldorf Astoria Hotel opened in New York in 1931, it had a private railroad siding where celebrated guests could arrive in secrecy and comfort. It had an ultra hotel within itself, the Waldorf Towers, which was eventually to be the home of ex-presidents, the U.N. ambassador for the U.S., Cole Porter, and General Douglas MacArthur. Oscar of the Waldorf stood at the head of the Park Avenue stairway on opening day pointing the way to the murals that had been painted by José Maria Sert and to the ballroom that could seat 2,000 at state dinners.

But building grand public rooms and arranging kingly banquets are no longer the caravansary fashion. Today's hotels are built for businessmen, all of whom are secret jocks. The St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco recently printed a flyer including a picture of Victor Hirtzler, arms akimbo, turban on head. He was executive chef at the St. Francis for 20 years, and for all his celebrated finesse, his picture landed below the fold. On top, covering half the page, was the "St. Francis Hotel Fitness Map" outlining a half-mile downtown par course offering "a corporate fitness challenge within the lawns under the freeway." Starting with jumping jacks, the course runs through nine exercises before turning back. For those not yet winded, there is a return to the hotel via California Street to Kearny, uphill all the way in San Francisco Himalaya style. Two other courses are described, along with a detailed map for the hotel jogger.

In Seattle, manager Frank Finneran gives all guests a book that says "Welcome to the Olympic!" It might better have been headlined, "Welcome to the Olympics," for besides the usual hotel information offered by that Seattle hostelry, there is a full page on sports, spectator and participant. A jogging course is threaded through Freeway Park and downtown Seattle. Arrangements can be made for tennis, squash, racquetball, and handball.

New York's handsome UN Plaza Hotel, operated by Hyatt and owned by the UN, was built with a tennis court on the 39th floor and a swimming pool on the 27th floor. While I looked at the elegant Continental Hotel in Munich the other day, an inn resplendent with tapestries and antiques, a Munich tourist official apologized because there was no pool on the premises. The Bayerischer Hof has a pool with a peel-back roof, and there are pools and exercise rooms in the Munich Hilton, Sheraton, and the Arabella across the street. In Düsseldorf the glass sides of the Hilton's pool enclosure slide open to the greensward; the room-service waiter brings lunch, and if a sunburn is missing one has only to descend a flight of steps to the solarium where new tanning machines will coat the whole body in cosmetic health.

Hilton's program in Kuwait is called "Run for Your Life," which doesn't mean the Arabs are restless. It is a come-on for a new fitness program that provides a rowing machine, weight lifting, bicycle exerciser, and sauna. The management has put in bowling breakfasts (eat your Wheaties and bowl a strike) and bowling lunches. The swimming pool is provided with air-conditioned cabanas. Eyeballs can be exercised by watching a choice of two video films a day shown in the cabanas. Kuwait also has an eight-day diet that starts out with orange juice for breakfast and steaks for lunch and dinner; by the fourth day all you get are 10 hard-boiled eggs.

Even airport hotels, where the guest's time would seem to be limited, try to keep guests fit between planes. The Steam Package at the Hyatt Regency at O'Hare lets the pep-up people loose on the exercise bicycles, the weights, slant board, sun room, and sauna. What's more, you get the use of a sweat suit and a session in the steambath all for $7 a day. This package—sorry Gloria, Betty, Kate, et al.—is for men only, and chances are they'll be too pooped to close the order. The Oak Brook Hyatt House, 15 minutes from O'Hare, has two pools and separate hours for men and women.

The Hilton at Montreal's airport has spent $400,000 enclosing the swimming pool—it got a little breezy swimming up there in the winter—and building a *balneum*. Aside from the pool, and the terrace which has also been enclosed, this Roman circus has a physiotherapist on hand supervising the whirlpool, sauna, steam room, and meat pounding.

Up in Boston the Sheraton people have been preparing maps for use on the Paul Dudley White bicycle-jogging path, named for the heart specialist who treated President Eisenhower and who was a great proponent of exercise. Nine Sheratons have mapped out jogging courses, but the company likes to point out that any guest can follow in the footsteps of Bill Rodgers, the three-time winner of the Boston Marathon.

In Syracuse, the Marriott, with its own indoor-outdoor pool just off the lobby, has mapped out an Executive Mile. The new 1,200-room Marriott in Chicago has four platform tennis courts on the ninth floor. The company has also hired the former New York Giants linebacker, Sam Huff, as the in-house exercise master. Huff issues pronunciamentos on the glory of being fit. He also designs the health clubs and work-out rooms. Nobody can fink out just because they forgot their gym clothes. The Marriott hotels have them for sale, and provide free fruit juice, eggs, and yogurt.

The programs have proved so successful, particularly the 7 AM morning runs, that some of the hotel employees have joined in the trot. If you're having trouble getting room service, chances are your floor waiter is running around the parking lot getting healthy.

—Horace Sutton

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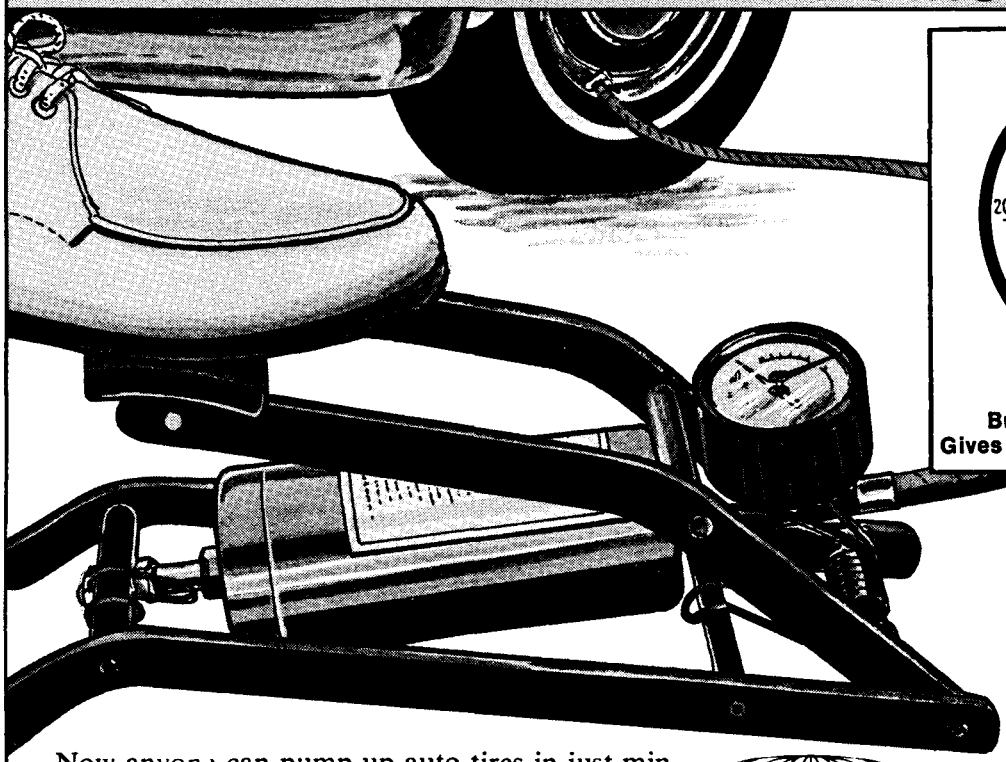

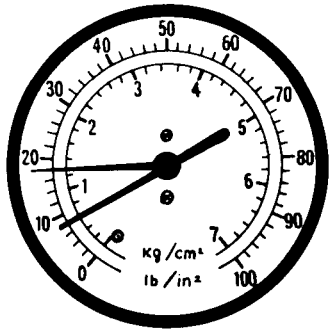

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OH, CUISINE!

A Platonic Restaurant

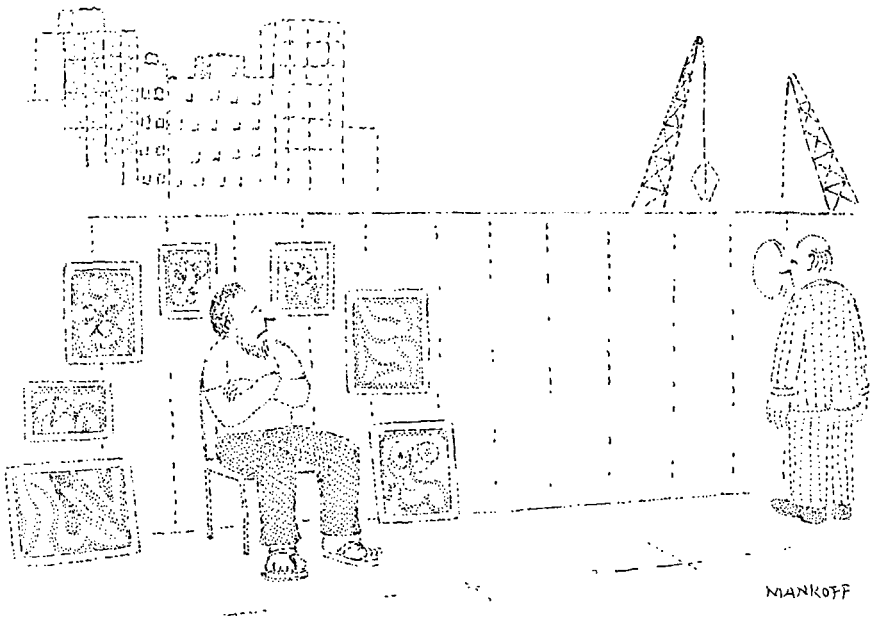
A NUMBER OF my favorite things don't exist—a film of Nijinsky's *Afternoon of a Faun*, reissues of Marian Anderson's Schubert, an American Bibliothèque de La Pléiade, a first-class Southern restaurant. For most Americans, even young Southerners, "Southern cooking" suggests rough-and-ready deep-frying, heavy hands; and in a thousand city and roadside cafes, that's the product offered. But the product is a contemporary travesty of only one of several classic cuisines of the old South—white-shanty grub (others more desirable were black-cabin and white-big-house). But the cooks of my childhood—east North Carolina pre-1950—were subtle as geishas and as sure to please, though racked thrice daily by perfectionist doubts. Or maybe Zen monks—their purpose was to carry raw goods of prime health and freshness from garden and yard through fire and ice to table, raised to their true native pitch, never sharped or muffled: chickens baked, broiled, fried; pork barbecued or baked; fish sautéed in butter; Brunswick stews barely simmered for at least two days; eight or 10 green or yellow vegetables; light coarse hoecakes, thin biscuits, yeast rolls; a sideboard of lemon, lime, fruit, and nut pies; a good deal more. In short, a cuisine which for me is the equal of those of France and China (combining as it does many tribal strands—English, Scottish, west African, Spanish, and French); but unlike its equals, it cannot be found in public.

There are fortunately places where one can find two or three excellently prepared dishes from the big array—barbecue here, chicken or seafood there. Near my home in Orange County, North Carolina, there's the Colonial Inn in Hillsborough where a small but carefully prepared variety is cheerfully and modestly served in the warm surroundings of an 18th-century inn, continuously occupied (Cornwallis stayed there). It's where I always take outlanders for a firm intimation of the qualities I extol—the fried chicken, if ordered half an hour ahead, is not to my knowledge surpassed elsewhere; and the vegetables and fruit cobblers are simply right. Good chopped barbecue can be had at frequent roadside stands, especially those that do their own roasting; but sliced barbecue has nearly vanished. Seafood, as everywhere, is itself only at the coast. The Sanitary Fish Market in Morehead City serves excellent fish and shellfish to summer mobs, and Uncle Henry Kirkum's Oyster Roast in Wilmington serves its namesake *in excelsis*. The whole South, a country larger than western and central Europe, is dotted with such isolated oases, directions to which are often jealously guarded by the locals. Even Manhattan provides a good exhibition of cabin cooking at the Pink Teacup on Bleecker Street.

But now in the late Seventies, when a number of Southern cities besides New Orleans can offer quite presentable French restaurants, why are there no young natives imaginative enough to have achieved a full and splendid showcase for one of the three great contributions of their culture (along with literature and political theory)? The answer no doubt contains three components—the usual American self-effacing snobbery ("in all matters aesthetic, Europe is superior"—*dead-wrong*, for at least 40 years), the usual Southern inferiority complex (still pounded into us by the rest of America), and the aforementioned ignorance in young natives of the depth and range of their own culinary tradition.

May I close then by imploring the numbers of youngsters who have joined the general new national interest in good food and who have the energy and anchorite-dedication to open and maintain a restaurant—consider home ground. If you don't have great Southern cooking in your bones, search for teachers; they're there. Find preferably a light-handed black male or female cook of the old cabin-bighouse school (*black* because blacks invented more than half the dishes and executed them all); then listen and watch. Read the one easily available cookbook I know that offers nearly the whole range, and purely, unmuddied by shortcuts—Eugene Walter's *American Cooking: Southern Style* in the Time-Life series—and avoid the local Junior League manuals that drift on a bog of marshmallow whip and mushroom soup. Then start. Find the food—still there for the finding—cook and serve it correctly in quiet surroundings (no music, no pictures of dogwood or cardinals, no overhead light); avoid both sterile "graciousness" and the odd combination of cringing and over-familiarity that afflicts so many young American waiters; and please do not dress as George or Martha Washington, Butterfly McQueen, Vivien Leigh, or Leslie Howard. You'll be serving mankind as surely as surgeons, novelists, saints. I'll be there to thank you; so will thousands.

—Reynolds Price



Mr. Price is James B. Duke Professor at Duke University.

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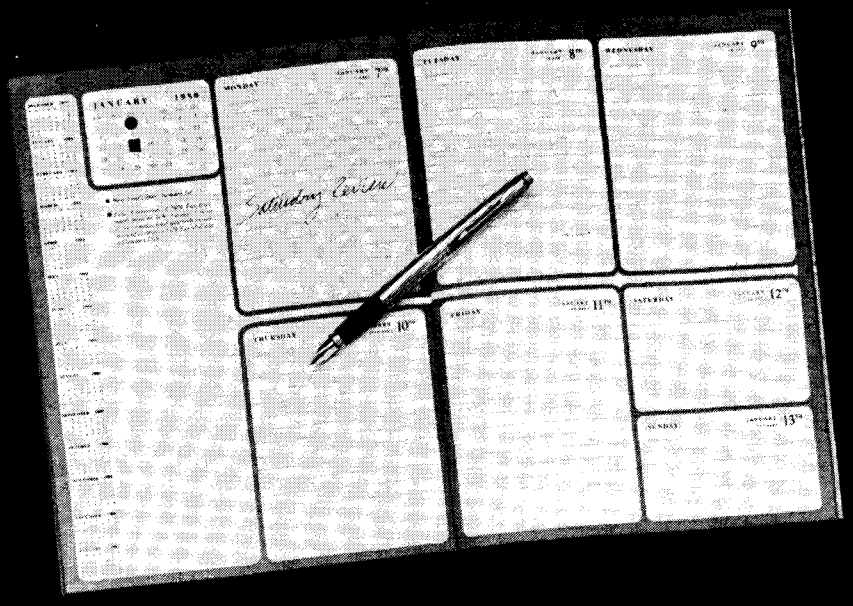

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9/29/79

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 139

NOSY PI CRUXING: PIXCRPA TEX TRIANSLCG, ZIN XCSX RU QRZO DRXCIEX XCOING.

YRUNSOQR

Wit Twister No. 151

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"Thou ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ not for me," the actress moans.
Her audience___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ with boos and groans.
The hack, who___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ to the public's taste,
Forced to___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ his drama, works with haste.
He makes a desk of___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ and soon has stripped
All___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of rank bathos from his script,
While___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ show where added jokes will fit:
Stale spices from the___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of his wit.

A.S.

Answers next issue

SEPTEMBER 15 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 138

... I do not give lectures or a little charity; when I give I give myself.
Walt Whitman

Wit Twister No. 150

treatise, iterates, treaties

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 179

DONNA WOOLFOLK CROSS: WORD ABUSE

The worst example of a sucker headline ever recorded was in a fan magazine: "WHY TONY CURTIS WILL NEVER MARRY." The answer, you found after you paid the quarter, is that there is no Tony Curtis, since his real name is Bernard Schwartz!

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Courting Disaster

SELF-INTEREST informs this column. I leave it to the reader to determine to what extent self-interest coincides with the national interest.

Saturday Review Magazine Corporation (hereafter, "SR") is or has been involved in various lawsuits, either as defendant or hapless bystander. For prudence' sake, I will disguise the specifics of each case.

The first case is a class-action suit brought against SR by one Henry Sturz, subscriber, of Abilene, Kansas. The complaint is that our famous Double-Crostic was omitted from an issue of August, 1977. In view of the fact that much of our promotional literature mentions the Double-Crostic as an every-issue feature, Mr. Sturz argues that we have defrauded 525,000 subscribers, and in their behalf he is demanding reparations of 1/24 of all our subscription receipts, plus his legal costs: in sum, a tidy $400,000 or more.

When I received notification of the suit, I laughed. Good joke. Our counsel was less amused. If we did not defend ourselves—and to do that, we needed to hire an Abilene lawyer to be supervised by our New York attorney—we might lose. An appeal, which would cost even more money than defending ourselves now, might prove bootless. So the ordeal began: briefs, trial appearances, consultations. As the time added up, so did our bill.

The purpose of class-action suits is to enable the individual citizen to amplify his voice and impact by becoming the representative of an aggrieved class, without becoming liable for the defendant's legal costs if his suit fails. The class-action mechanism has enabled numerous consumerist and environmental groups to bring suits that have bettered the lot of all Americans. But it has also given rise to a breed of opportunistic lawyers who use the law to extort "settlements" from companies who prefer to pay less to a lawful blackmailer than they would end up paying to defend themselves. At various points during the litigation, Sturz has offered to drop his suit for settlements of varying and escalating sums. On the basis of principle, we have refused. Although it appears SR has finally prevailed, it may well have been cheaper and would certainly have been less time consuming to have met one of the earlier settlement demands.

The second case concerns one Amy Stillito, who was employed by SR for three months as a receptionist. She did not, to put it softly, work out. She was fired. Now we hear from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) that Amy, who is genetically a member of a "protected class," says she was fired because of her sex. Absurd, right? The EEOC investigator doesn't think so; neither does our lawyer, who must review the investigator's voluminous requests for information (which also take time and money for us to assemble) and be present when the investigator interviews any or all of our employees, which he has every right to do. Experience suggests that, after forcing us to spend thousands of unrecoupable dollars on lawyer's fees, Amy may offer to settle, generous soul that she is, for thousands more.

The third case doesn't even involve SR; it just costs us money. Some months ago, E-Z-Duzzit subscription agency was sold to Megacorp, Ltd. At that time, the owners of E-Z-Duzzit "represented" that from 1973 to 1977 their company had sold 500,000 SR subscriptions. This happy information "materially affected" Megacorp's decision to purchase E-Z-Duzzit. Now a review of E-Z-Duzzit's books suggests that those numbers were grossly overstated; accordingly, Megacorp is suing the former owners of E-Z-Duzzit. The lawyers for both sides have complex questions that only SR can answer. Innocently, I suggested to their lawyers that SR would process the questions if they would agree to pay the legal and staff costs entailed in digging up the information. No go. If SR is paid by either side, the objectivity of the information is compromised. If SR refuses to supply information, we can be subpoenaed, and if we fail to answer the subpoena we can go to jail.

Such problems are not unique to small companies. General Motors spent close to $40 million last year on legal costs. But a General Motors can pass many of these costs on to the consumer by raising prices, trimming costs, or accepting lower profitability. Smaller companies must absorb the expense.

Most small-business managers shudder at the mention of this dilemma in the mistaken belief that the airing of such problems will aggravate them by giving others the idea of lodging such specious suits themselves. Some businessmen avoid the topic the way terminal patients may deny their illness: Don't talk about it, and it will go away.

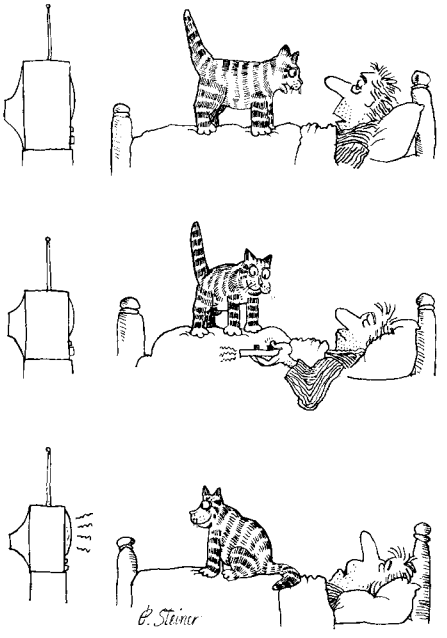
Well, it won't go away—particularly if nobody talks about it.

The solutions to such problems are not simple. The rationales for class-action suits, for EEOC, for most aspects of our regulatory and judicial processes, are reasonable and humanitarian. What we must consider, however—and what government characteristically fails to consider—is whether the cure is worse than the disease. While decrying bigness in American business, our legislators are creating a system where bigness is business's only defense.

The economic indicators are clear: If the United States does not become more productive, our standard of living may begin to decline.

We must take care not to squander dollars on nonproductive litigation when they can be better spent on the creation of jobs and capital. Just as citizens need to be protected from the potential abuses of corporations, corporations—especially small corporations—need to be protected from harassment. For all its failings, free enterprise has given the United States prosperity and the power to do good. If we curb that spirit of enterprise, we risk losing the benefits it has afforded us.

—Carll Tucker



"Good morning, America!"

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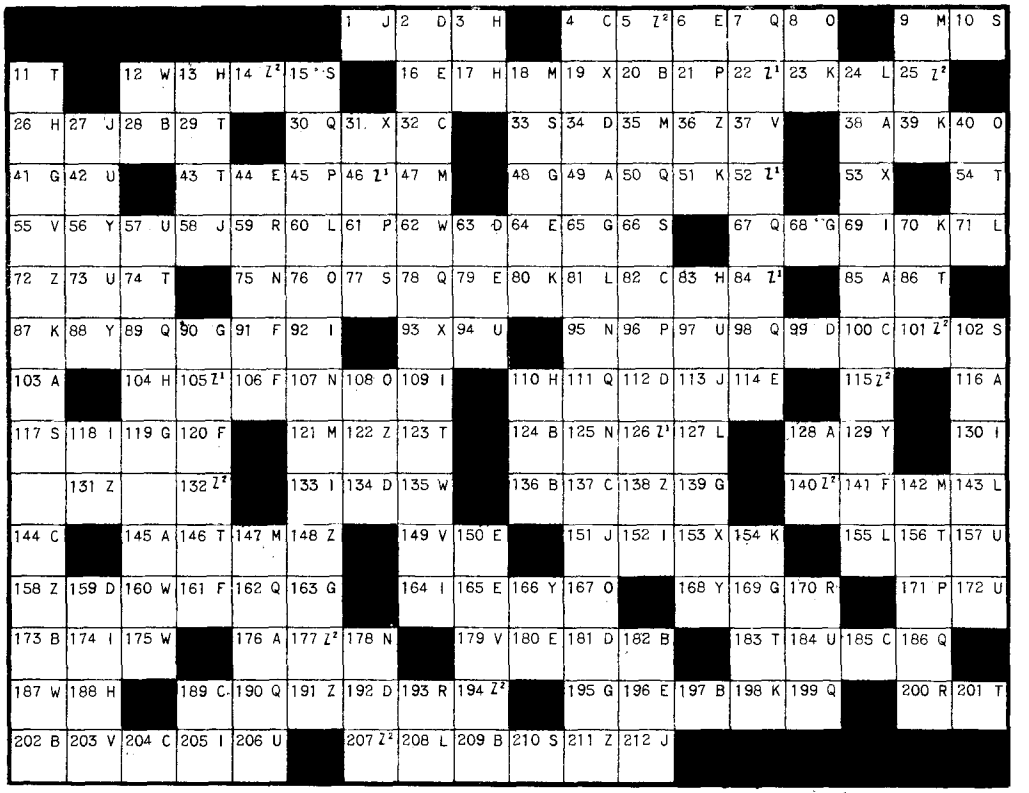
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 180

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No.179 appears on page 58.

CLUES

A. Monster, leviathan
38 49 85 103 116 128 145 176

B. Secretary of War under McKinley and of State under Roosevelt (full name)
182 202 20 124 136 173 197 209 28

C. Gratuity or tip
82 100 144 185 204 4 137 189 32

D. Awkward, like Paul Bunyan
99 112 181 192 2 34 63 134 159

E. Sir Walter Scott's residence, near Melrose, southeast Scotland
165 196 44 64 79 114 150 180 6 16

F. Involved in difficulties
91 106 120 141 161

G. Labiate herb of the Pacific coast of North America (2 wds.)
163 169 41 68 90 48 65 119 139 195

H. "There is not a more fearful ___ than your lion living," says Bottom (comp., *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*)
3 17 83 104 188 13 26 110

I. American novelist and critic (1843–1916; *The American;* full name)
152 174 205 109 118 69 133 130 92 164

J. Draw forth
212 1 27 58 113 151

K. Vague, indistinct
51 70 87 198 23 39 80 154

L. Type of afternoon social (2 wds.)
24 60 81 127 155 143 71 208

M. Dunderhead (comp.)
9 35 147 18 121 142 47

N. Roof overhang
75 95 107 125 178

O. Set apart
8 40 76 108 167

P. Capital of Saône-et-Loire, France
96 171 21 45 61

Q. Neglected, forgotten (4 wds.)
67 98 30 50 78 199 190 7 89 111 162 186

R. New Zealander of the genus *Apteryx*
200 59 170 193

S. Reckless adventure
15 66 102 117 210 10 33 77

T. American statesman (1874–1952; *Autobiography of a Curmudgeon;* full name)
29 43 74 146 156 11 201 54 183 86 123

U. "The ___ Legends," magnum opus of Richard Harris Barham
184 94 206 73 157 42 57 97 172

V. "Give us the ___," said Churchill
37 55 149 203 179

W. Jerked about
62 187 12 175 160 135

X. Israeli seaport
31 53 153 19 93

Y. Charmingly spritely
88 168 129 166 56

Z. Something serving to control the indiscriminate passage of something else
36 211 138 191 148 131 122 72 158

Z¹. Divination
126 22 52 46 105 84

Z². Insipid (comp.)
101 194 14 115 25 207 177 132 140 5

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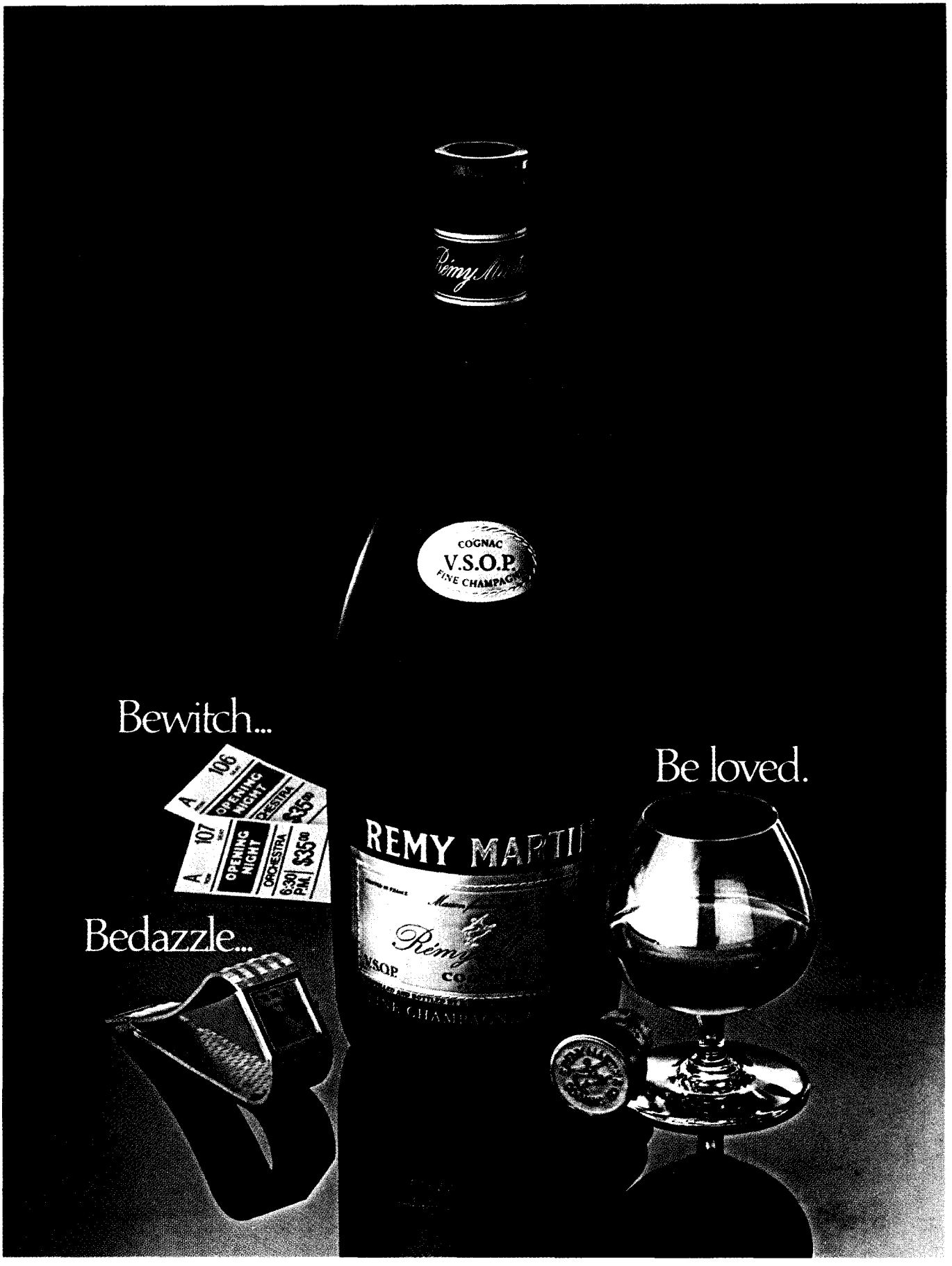

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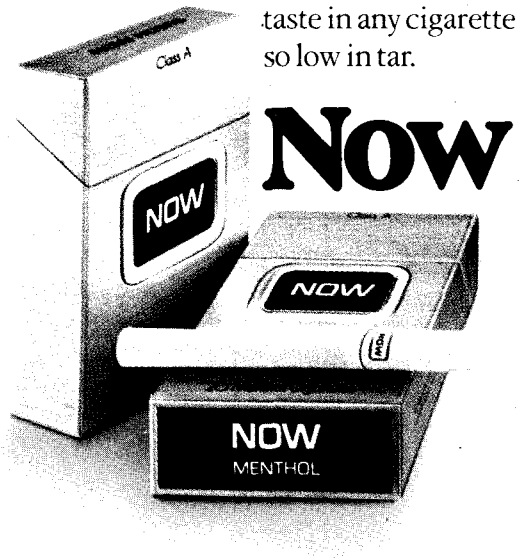

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